WEEK ENDING MARCH 21 1925

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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Try tempting the morning appetite with grain foods that entice!

HERE are grains with the rich flavor of nutmeats—a cereal wondrously and amazingly different from any you've ever tasted before.

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Today, include these fairy grains—a package of each, for variety's sake—with your grocery order.

Quaker Puffed Wheat

Quaker Puffed Rice

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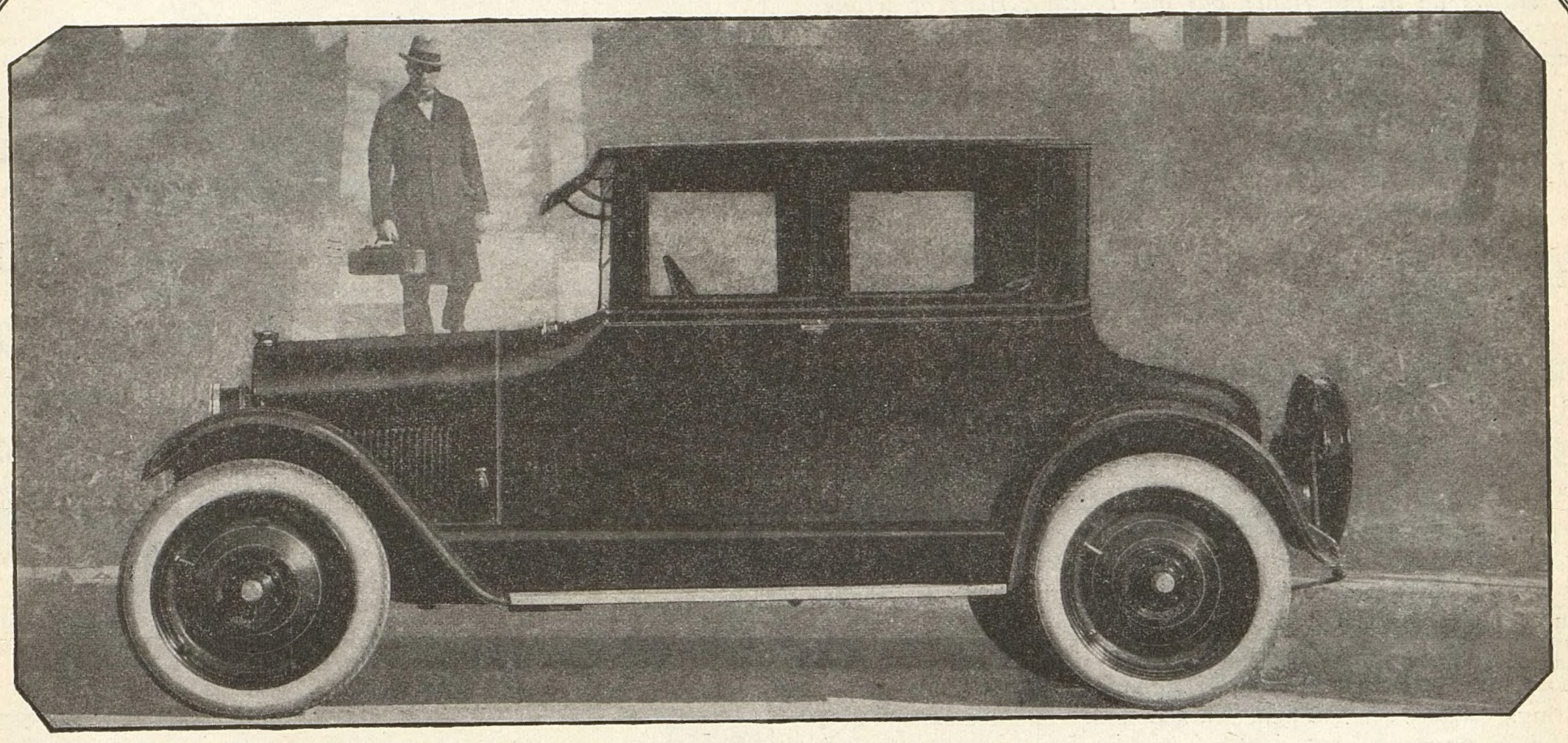
for VALUE



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MARCH 21, 1925

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A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

DOLLARS, TONS, AND ACRES

The Chinese written language is ideographic. There is a sign for each word and each various meaning of a word. There are at least 40,000 of them. China has remained in the hieroglyphic days when men carved things which represented symbols or ideas.

Communication by writing under such a system is possible only after years of effort and education. Most of the people can learn to write little if any at all. No one knows how much this has kept China back in the days to which such writing belonged.

The Chinese mistake was in not getting an alphabet by which writing can be easily learned. Our small children can do it.

In English and American measures a mile is eight furlongs, 320 perches, 1,760 yards, 5,280 feet. A foot is twelve inches.

In American currency the basis is the decimal point. A cent is a hundredth part of a dollar. Multiply and shove the decimal point about and you compute any amount.

The English currency is one of pounds, shillings, and pence. A sovereign was a gold pound of 20 shillings, but a guinea is 21 shillings. There are 240 pence in a pound. The decimal point is out of that currency.

In their currency the English are as the Chinese in their language. They got it from the Roman and Saxon invasions and they have kept it. £, the pound, is the Roman libra. S, the shilling, is the Roman solidus or the Saxon scilling (scylan, to divide). D, the penny, is the Roman denarius. A currency system almost as old as the Great Wall of China.

We rejected this for the decimal system in currency, but the same Chinese system which preserved English currency preserved a like antiquity of weights and measures that we did not reject. We have it.

The metric system is French. It has made headway almost everywhere except against the old Anglo-Saxon-Chinese system of weights and measures which prevails with the English-speaking people. When the Latins on this continent and the Latins, Teutons, and Scandinavians of Europe want to express a graduation in distance, cubic content, or weight they do it by moving a decimal point, just as we Americans do in our currency.

A meter is 39.37 inches. A decimeter is 3.937 inches. A centimeter is 0.3937 inch. A millimeter is 0.03937 inch. The decimal point moves and the thing is what nature approves—a perfect system. This goes in square and cubic measurements and in weights. It means accuracy. Our science uses it, because science needs accuracy. Our artillerymen in France used it, because it meant accuracy. They could not be firing their guns by yards, furlongs, and miles. They fired them by meters.

We have pints, quarts, bushels, and tons. There is a short ton of 2,000 pounds, which the coal man uses, and the long ton of 2,240 pounds. There is avoirdupois weight of 16 ounces to the pound and troy weight of 12. It is a Chinese nightmare.

We measure land by acres which come out 640 to the square mile, whereas we'd not think of computing money in any fashion which resulted in 640 to a unit of measurement such as a section of land.

Mathematics is hard enough study for most of our children. Why make it still harder by a Chinese system of weights and measures? The metric system dates back to 1799 and this progressive nation hasn't got it yet. Our system dates back probably to the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth centuries in England and we have it still. That is not like us.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Are Flirtations Harmless After Marriage?

JULIA HOYT

JULIA HOYT, the famous beauty who has turned from society to the stage, contributes a remarkable article to next week's Liberty. In frank, straightforward fashion she considers the divorce problem as she has encountered it in the experience of people she knows, and offers her idea of a solution. Rather a startling idea it is, too. You may not agree with it, but you'll be interested and stimulated in considering its lively and perhaps disturbing possibilities.

Ring Lardner will be with us again, this time with a fine short story called *Haircut*, written in a vein a little different from that of anything by Mr. Lardner you have ever read. *Heywood Broun* finds a lot of fun in man's opinion of himself, and tells about it in an amusing article entitled *Who's All Right?*

Captain Dingle, that master craftsman in the telling of a sea yarn, has a stirring tale in the coming issue called *They Builded a Ship*. Passion, hatred, treachery, and high courage are in it, and a vivid rush of breathless action. For adventure of another kind, there is the opening installment of *Edward H. Smith's* narrative, *Chapman: the Story of a Supercrook*—an account of the astonishing career of Gerald Chapman, whom America's greatest detectives have called the most dangerous criminal alive. A strange case of dual identity is revealed by *O. O. McIntyre* in *A Beggar's Chauffeur Confesses*, and there'll be more, of course, of the life story of *John L. Sullivan* and of *Frank L. Packard's* exciting serial, *Broken Waters*.

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Mother, May I Go Out *to* Work?

Don't Worry About the Modern Woman Who Motors to a Job. She's Obeying the Same Urge That Sent Her Pioneer Grandmother Westward in a Covered Wagon, Says

EDNA FERBER

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

Science has developed a modern pioneer woman—not of the covered wagon type but of the kind that gets about in cars. She earns her living as did the woman of a century ago, but in a different way. Her housework—science to the rescue—Presto! It's done in a few moments, so she has plenty of time to spare—and becomes the pioneer in work besides that of the home—something pleasant and, of course, remunerative.

"Here, now, you children, get out of this and don't let me see or hear you again until dinner time."

NOT SO long ago there was a question that used to be put to little boys exclusively. Uncles and aunts would ask it of small nephews; and mamma's callers and even papa's callers always included it in their interrogation of any youthful male offspring that happened to be on exhibition at the time. They never asked it of little girls. The question, uttered in an encouraging coo, was:

"Tell me, my little man, what are you going to be when you grow up? H'm-m-m-m?"

Whatever the answer, it always was received with winks, nods, smiles, or shouts, depending upon the imagination or ambition of the youngster. Whether he said street car conductor or President of the United States, it was always good for a laugh.

The question wasn't put to little girls, because for them there was only one answer, and everybody knew it. Any polite little girl of respectable parents naturally could only have said "I-want-to-be-married-like-mamma-and-have-a-little-girl-like-me."

No one ever asked me. If they had I'm afraid I'd have had an answer ready (being that kind of unpleasant little girl). I'm not at all sure I could have answered an inquiry as to what I wanted to be when I grew up (though I had an early eye on Sarah Bernhardt's job), but I did know definitely the kind of grown-up lady I didn't want to be. And now I'm certain I was right. My notion of the kind of grown-up lady I didn't want to be was embodied in Sweet Alice.

Oh, don't you remem—— but, of course, you do. Sweet Alice, made famous by Trilby, was the difficult damsel who was enamored of the long-suffering Ben Bolt. What a terrible time Ben must have had with that girl! If you recall the song you recollect the question asked in its first verse:

Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice, with ha-yer so brown.
She wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
A-yand trembled with fee-yer at your frown.

Remember her! The chances are that to this very day when Ben has a nightmare after a late supper of Welsh rarebit and home-brew it is of Sweet Alice he dreams. In the dream he is trying to please her. And he knows, through bitter experience, that, in dreams or in reality, if you try to please a girl like Alice you're practically licked before you start.

Ben probably used to come home after a Big Day Downtown, stepping high and thinking,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

complacently, "That was a pretty slick deal I put over with Hines, Printz & Rauschenbowker Company. I ought to pull a clear one thousand commission out of that. Yessir! . . . I'll take the old lady to a show tonight. We'll celebrate. I hope there's something extra good for dinner. A steak, maybe—a good thick steak and some French fried."

Into the house he bounces and whangs the door and stamps around a little and calls, "Heh, Alice! Where the Sam Hill are you? Say, listen! Guess what?"

And then he tells her the glad news, grinning all over as he talks. And what does Alice do? Before he finishes she has started to weep.

Well, naturally, this is a little dampening for him.

"What are you crying for? If that don't beat . . . I tell her good news and she starts right in to . . . what's the matter, anyway! Gosh, I came home feeling so set up over it I thought you'd . . . what's there to cry about?"

"I'm weeping with delight," says Alice, swabbing her eyes and dabbing at her nose and looking just terrible.

He melts a little at that, of course. "There, there, old girl. You musn't let things upset you like that. What've you got for supper, Sweetie? H'm? Something good, to celebrate?"

"We—e—ell"—pinning up a limp lock of hair—"you know it's Monday, and—what do you think! The washwoman didn't show up again. If I spent a minute, I spent two hours telephoning the agencies before I could get a woman, and when she did come you'd think she'd never seen a washtub before; and I caught her boiling Elmer's brand-new flannels. We had all those extra napkins from the party on Saturday——"

"That's a shame, girlie. But what have you got for dinner?"

"There's all that beautiful lamb left from Sunday's roast. We hardly touched it, I don't know why. Elmer scarcely eats a thing since his cold; and Ben, cold or no cold, you'll have to speak to that child. What? Oh, well! I know it isn't your favorite dish, but I had Hulda make it up into a delicious lamb stew with car——"

"Oh, my gosh!" At the blackness of his frown Alice begins to tremble, of course. And if, after that, Ben didn't slam out of the house and go downtown and buy himself a dinner of double porterhouse and French fried potatoes and salad with Thousand Island dressing and chocolate parfait and coffee and a twenty-five cent cigar, he deserved nothing better than Sweet Alice for a wife.

"What are you crying for? Gosh, I came home feeling so set up over it I thought you'd . . . what's there to cry about?"

OF course, you remember that he had a few years of respite from the weeping and trembling, for the second verse goes on to say:

In the old churchyard in the valley,
Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab uh—of granite
so gray,
And Sweet Alice lies uh—under the
stone.

Serves her right. Sweet Alice should have known that you can't hold a man that way.

Women have traveled a far journey since the day Sweet Alice was considered the feminine ideal. It is just barely possible that they've traveled too far, and that they may have to go back a couple of miles and take the first turning to the left. Sweet Alice lies midway between the trail-blazing woman of pioneer days and the hell-raising woman— No! No! No! The magazine will never let that stay in—well, the modern woman of today.

The pioneer woman crammed her furniture and children into the back of the covered wagon, swung her calico skirts up over the wheel and perched beside her husband on the driver's seat, faced unknown perils and hardship and back-breaking work without a whimper. At any rate, if she did whimper it has been carefully kept out of history and fiction since. It was she who made things soft and easy for Sweet Alice, so that S. A. became a dull and prissy person with practically no splendor about her.

Sweet Alice thought it immoral to stick the unwashed pots and skillets into the oven after supper so that she could skip out with Ben to take a look at the sunset over the hill before it faded away into black velvet.

The modern woman—we'll have to wait another twenty years to know whether she's right or wrong. But this is certain: The pioneer woman of one hundred years ago and the woman of today have so much in common that the belief is forced upon one that the modern woman is equally a trail-blazer.

Their methods are amazingly alike. Their

viewpoints are much the same. Working women, both. It remains to be seen whether the children of the modern 1925 working woman turn out as well as the children of the 1825 working woman did. We'll know in about 1940.

You know those Great Men in History who have been quoted as saying this all-I-ever-am-or-hope-to-be-I-owe-to-my-mother line? Well, I'll probably be expatriated for this, but I honestly think the reason Abraham Lincoln and all those other shining examples shone so was because their mothers were so busy they neglected them, and, in consequence, they had a chance to grow and develop and to think and act for themselves.

"I'm weeping with delight," says Alice, dabbing at her nose.

Those pioneer mothers were the original Montessori mammas. They didn't have time to build blocks with their children. So the children tackled the block-building by themselves, and learned how.

The mothers of that day all had jobs. They had water to carry and cloth to weave and make up into garments; there was wood to chop, soap to make, cows to milk. When you're making sausage meat against a long, hard winter with one hand and killing an Indian with the other, you don't have much time to spoil your children.

When the women of that day and type expected a brand-new pioneer, they didn't make a great fuss about it. They hadn't time. They just ordered a new cradle to be chopped out of a convenient tree trunk and went right on washing and baking and cooking and sewing and weaving and milking and churning. And when their time came they said, "Excuse me a minute," called in a couple of neighbors, produced the new pioneer, and called it a day.

If the children wanted to play, they had to make up their own games and, probably, provide the materials with which to play them. They enjoyed the priceless privilege of being let alone.

They did not become great because their parents were poor and lowly. They developed independence and imagination and resourcefulness because they had to. What was said to them, probably, was in effect:

> "Here, now, you children, get out of this, and don't let me see or hear you again until dinner time. If you get hungry, you know where the bread and apple butter is. I'm busy."

That kind of thing breeds initiative. If Abraham Lincoln had been dragged to Central Park by a governess every morning, he being all done up in fawn gaiters and one of those double-breasted reefers you get for seventy-nine dollars at the Kiddie Shop and a little fur cap and kid gloves and overshoes, and allowed to play, carefully and under instruction, with his new mechanical toy, the chances are that you wouldn't now be paying six dollars a seat to see that new colored revue called Broadway to Dixie. Abe's mother loved him and had pride in him, doubtless. But we know she didn't have time to make much of a fuss over him. And that was fine for little Abe.

Tell me the story of any great man or woman of the past hundred years, and it is a hundred to one that tucked away in that story you will find a mother who was so busy making both ends meet that she didn't dare let go one end, for fear it would snap back out of her reach and never be found again.

THE circle has swung around. The pioneer woman is with us again. She doesn't ride in a covered wagon; she drives a car. She doesn't churn and bake and wash and weave; she earns her living as her sister did a hundred years ago, but in a different way. Science and mechanics do the churning and weaving and baking for her.

When that first began to be true she found herself jobless. Bewildered, she began to look about her. She looked at her idle hands. She searched about in her active but unemployed mind. And the Sweet Alices said to her, "Attend to your home."

"But I do," she protested, "I do. But it only takes me an hour or two. Electricity, gas, modern equipment. I have hours on my hands."

"Concentrate on your children," said Sweet Alice.

"Yes, but I can't spend my life concentrating on my children."

"Why not? Don't you love them?"

"Of course I love them. Not only of course, but I love them. Still, I must confess that I don't get any great mental relief out of stuffing spinach and cereal and apple sauce and orange juice and eggs into them day after day for years. I don't. And no intelligent woman does. I want to do something!"

"Your children are your first duty," said Sweet Alice, severely.

So the woman began to concentrate on her children. She studied them and made herself their Pal and attended Child Study Classes, and the result was as fine a lot of neurotic and discontented and helpless youngsters as you could hope to find in a month of Sundays—or Mondays or Tuesdays, for that matter. And when the modern woman saw this, she revolted, pulled up stakes, climbed into a mental covered wagon, and turned her face toward the prairies of her dreams. And she's getting a grand ride.

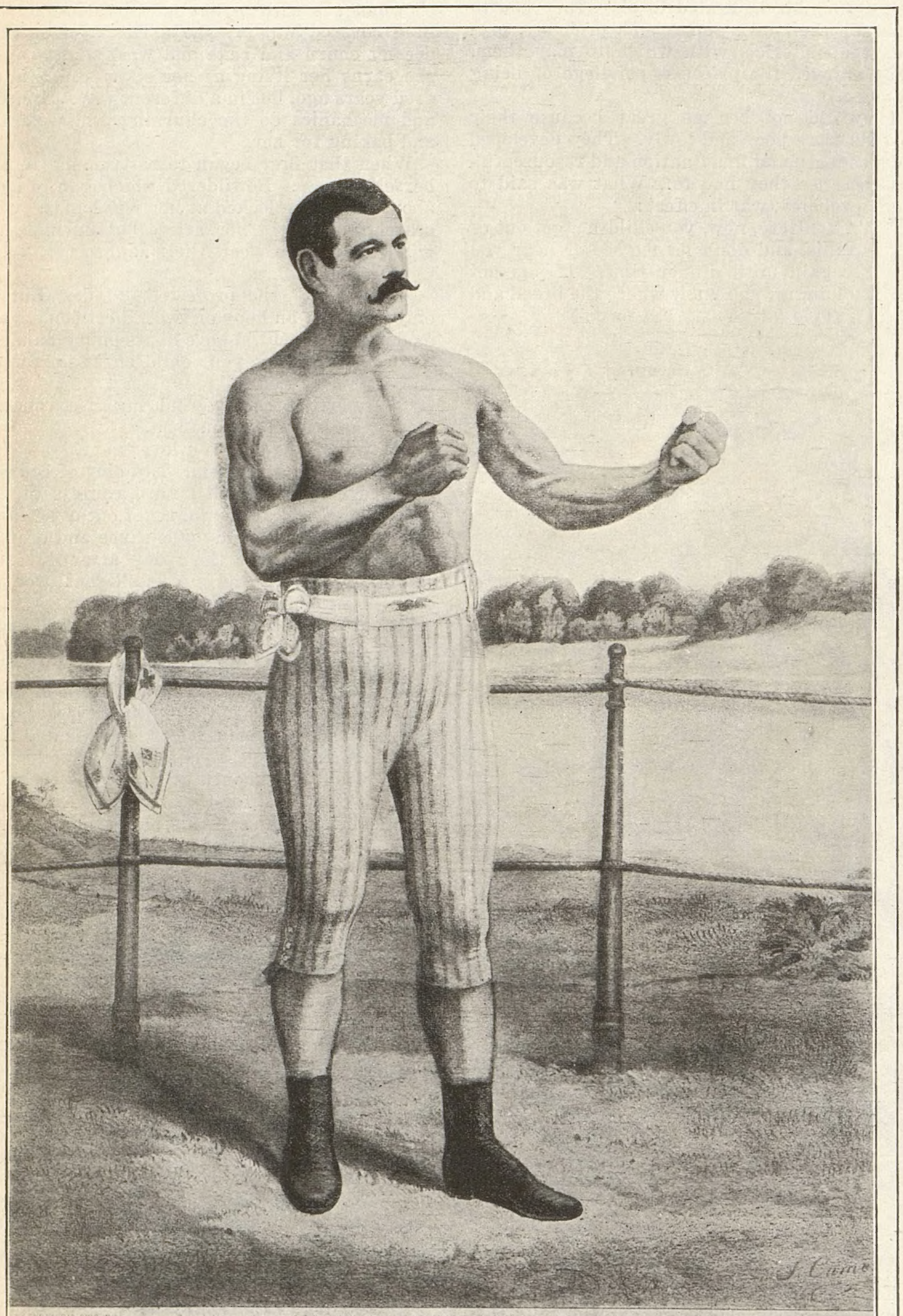
She sees that her children get the proper food, but she isn't making a lifework of it. She keeps herself informed about them; understands them; appreciates them. But she doesn't concentrate on them to the exclusion of outside work. She goes about the job of bringing children into the world just about as the pioneer woman of 1825 did. A rather long and tedious process, and one attended with a good deal of discomfort and some pain. But she has her outside job, and it's likely to be an absorbing and a fascinating one. She is busy, mentally and physically, up to the last minute. And so the tedium and fears which used to darken the months of childbearing are unknown to her.

Examples of her are to be found in Neysa McMein, the illustrator and magazine cover artist; Sonya Levien, editor; Ethel Barrymore, actress; Blanche Knopf, publisher. Every one of these women has a job—and an important one. Every one of these women has babies—and important ones. They seem to have their lives so arranged that both job and child are possible.

And why the Sweet Alices of this world are so horrified at this state of affairs is a mystery. Their pioneer woman ancestors did it one hundred years ago and produced practically the entire contents of Who's Who. We'll know, in 1940, whether the modern pioneer woman hasn't done as good a double job.

THE END

John L. Sullivan—



A lithograph highly popular in 1883, showing how the famous champion stripped for his "bare knuckle" fights under the old London prize ring rules, which gave the fighters thirty seconds in which to recover after a knockdown, thereby prolonging the battles to brutal lengths. The bare knuckle manner of fighting was sometimes varied by the use of hard gloves.

The Life Story of "The Most Popular Man Who Ever Lived"

THIS remarkable story of John L. Sullivan's career is based upon Mr. Dorney's personal reminiscences of many years, during which he was the great fighter's friend, employee, and business counselor. His last association with Sullivan was during a lecture tour into Canada just before the war. Mr. Sutherland has collaborated with Mr. Dorney in transcribing his memories.

FIRST INSTALLMENT

"WHAT IS the best match in the world today?" I asked Tex Rickard on December 1, last.

"Dempsey and any genuine young contender," he responded, promptly. "I admit there's nobody in sight just now; but if some fast, hard-hitting young heavyweight came along, knocking the present batch of big fighters out of his way, I'd be happy to put him on with Dempsey."

"What would you offer for such a contest?"

"I'd give Dempsey what I gave him to meet Firpo: four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The newcomer could have fifty thousand dollars."

I leaned across the great table in the boxing impresario's office in the tower of Madison Square Garden.

"And what," I asked him slowly, "would you offer for a match today between John L. Sullivan and Jim Corbett, assuming they were the men now they were on September 7, 1892?"

Rickard stared at me. Cards must be happy when Tex fondles them: they know they'll not be betrayed or misappraised. His face is a mask that ambushes aces back to back in Senate stud. From that distant day when he began his wanderings along the rim of the world in search of Alaskan gold and Argentine adventures to this hour, acknowledged the world's premier promoter in staging prize fights, Rickard has schooled his features to reveal not a jot or tittle of what he is thinking.

But his fingers tightened a tiny fraction of a second on the arms of his chair.

"Good Lord!" he breathed, staring through me across the panorama of thirty-two years. Presently he came back to the present and sighed.

"I'll tell you what I'd give for that match,"

"Yours Truly *on the* Level"

By JOE DORNEY *Sullivan's Press Agent and Theatrical Manager for Years* and SID SUTHERLAND

he said, thoughtfully. "I'd give one million dollars!"

"And for the Sullivan fight with Jake Kilrain?" I asked. "And the Sullivan-Paddy Ryan bout, and the Sullivan battle with Charlie Mitchell in France? What would they be worth to you?"

"One million apiece," said Rickard. "I'd have plenty profit after that."

"How would you divide those purses: say, the purse for Sullivan and Corbett?"

"To John L., nine hundred thousand dollars. Corbett could have one hundred thousand dollars."

I was happy, as you shall understand presently.

"THERE are angles to that," Tex continued. "That means that as a box-office attraction I value Sullivan at only twice Dempsey's worth, solely because no arena could hold much more than that. As a matter of public interest, I estimate John L. at just about one million times the value of Dempsey, or any other man that ever laced up a pair of boxing gloves.

"Corbett would be worth one hundred thousand dollars just because he was in the same ring with Sullivan; with anyone else he'd have to fight for a percentage of what he drew to the gate.

"And John L. could have three million six hundred thousand dollars in one year from me if he chose to fight those men, for the simple reason that he was the greatest heavyweight the world ever saw, and because he was the most popular man that ever lived in any country at any time! In his day, and for ten years after his sun had set, every boy over ten years of age in the English-speaking world knew about John L. and his mighty deeds. They would bet an agate against a chiney that he would win, just as millionaires in their clubs offered big odds that he would not lose.

"And while the men admired him — and maybe secretly envied him for his ability to whip any man on earth, in the ring or in the back of a saloon — the kids worshiped him. And the kids are never wrong! There never was but one John L., and there never can be another. Greed for money, characteristic of every fighter today, is not a trait that the lads love; and the Volstead law seems to have removed forever the background that made Sullivan the most interesting, the most picturesque, and the most popular fighter in history."

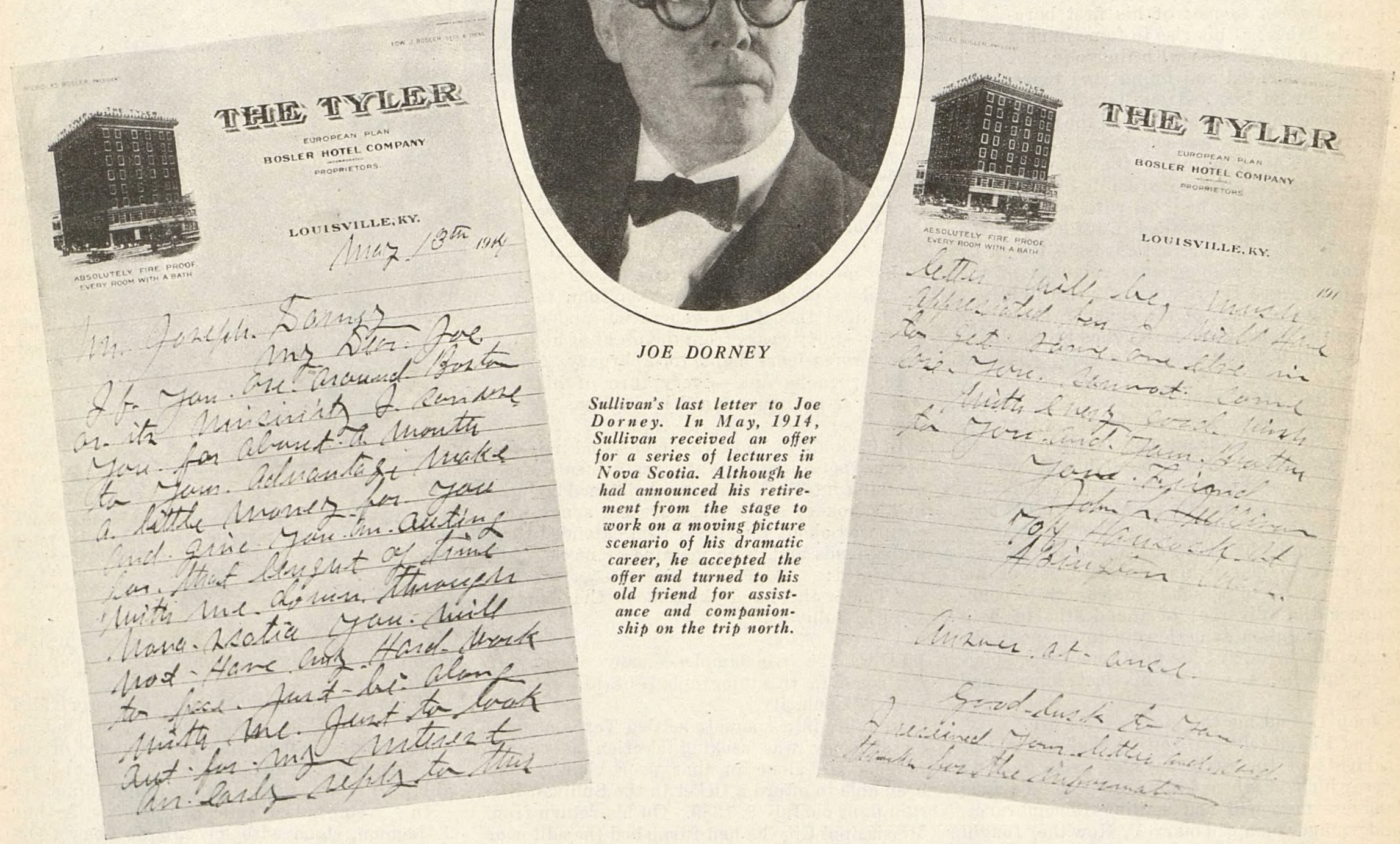
I WENT my way. On a bench in Madison Square I sat a while, gazing into the December fog and envisioning there the mad mobs that had milled about that historic park, yelling and waving their torches, after Sullivan had staged several of his greatest triumphs inside the old Garden.

I thought of the years I worked for him, as manager for his lecture tours and theatrical engagements; of the thousands of miles we had traveled to and fro and up and down in the land he loved. I thought of the nights we had slept in the same room, sometimes in metropol-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

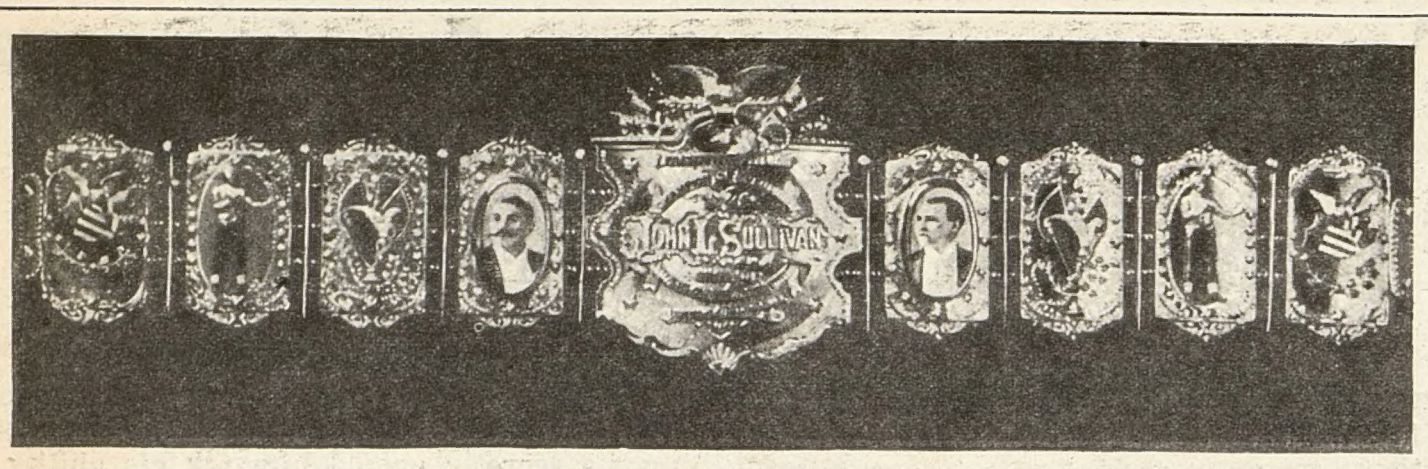
JOE DORNEY

Sullivan's last letter to Joe Dorney. In May, 1914, Sullivan received an offer for a series of lectures in Nova Scotia. Although he had announced his retirement from the stage to work on a moving picture scenario of his dramatic career, he accepted the offer and turned to his old friend for assistance and companionship on the trip north.



The letter reproduced above reads: "Mr. Joseph Dorney, My Dear Joe. If you are around Boston or its vicinity I can use you for about a month to your advantage. Make a little money for you and give you an outing for that length of time with me down through Nova Scotia. You will not have any hard work to face. Just be along with me, just to look out for my interest. An early reply to this letter will be appreciated, for I will have to get someone else in case you cannot come. With every good wish to you and your brother. Your friend, John L. Sullivan, 704 Hancock St., Abington, Mass.

"Answer at once. Good luck to you. I received your letter and send thanks for the information."



The famous belt presented to John L. Sullivan by the citizens of Boston, July 4, 1887, on the eve of his departure for England, where he was to fight before the Prince of Wales. The belt is of 22 carat gold and contained 365 diamonds, one for each day of the year. On the left side of the buckle is an enamel panel of Sullivan; on the right is a portrait of Jem Smith, champion of Britain, whom Sullivan was to meet. Smith refused to fight.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

itan hotels and often in the poor little inns of smaller towns.

I thought of the stories of his life he had told me, bits of confidences here and there, snatches of reminiscences, his own versions, never unkind or prejudiced, of his great battles and his less conspicuous contests; of episodes during his Gargantuan drinking bouts and the pranks he played and the wild fights he indulged in before delighted barroom throngs. John L. was good for a black eye or a laugh any time you met him!

I thought of his early days, as he had unfolded them to me; of his first bare-knuckle fights; of his rise to fame in ring affairs; of his clashes with the police; of his unprecedented and unimitated tours, whereupon he knocked out hundreds of men whose names never adorned the prize-fight record; of his first sweetheart and of their quarrel; of his winning of the championship, and his strange, almost incredibly bizarre marriage to the woman he lived with but a month or two; of his son who died in infancy; of the decade he ruled the pugilistic world—longer by far than any champion ever reigned; of the way he changed the history of prize fighting; of his trips abroad; of the chuckle that swept around the world when he laughed at the divinity in which kings love to deem themselves hedged.

I thought of his first and only defeat, at last, by James John Corbett; of the years that followed, during which his popularity overshadowed the esteem in which all his successors were held; of his decision to quit drinking whisky; of his romantic reunion with his boyhood sweetheart, and how he divorced the wife from whom he had been estranged for twenty-six years to marry his earliest love; of his frantic efforts to persuade his church to countenance that divorce; of the deaths of both women and his automatic reinstatement in the fold of his belief; of his final temperance platform speeches — and of his last illness and death.

John L. told me the story of his life.

And I shall tell it to you. I shall tell you of incidents of the early days of prize fighting over which graybeards and even middle-aged business men will nod smiling remembrance, and younger men will marvel. How they fought in the day of the clamorous clergy, the inimical editor, the vigilant sheriff, and the fugitive spectator.

You shall learn—or remember with delight

John L. Sullivan at the age of two. This old photograph and many others were turned over to Joe Dorney for this series of stories by Arthur J. and Frank Lennon of Boston, sons of Sullivan's only sister. They were found in an old trunk in Mrs. Lennon's home, after Sullivan's death on February 2, 1918.

—that no prize fighter ever possessed the marvelous personality that was John L. Sullivan's; that for a generation and a decade—forty years from the night of his first professional fight to February 2, 1918, when he died—every turn of his wrist was an item conned by millions of newspaper readers.

In back alleys, in private clubs, and in homes his magnetic individuality was a theme of engrossing interest. Parents christened children in his honor; stage and barroom songs were composed about his feats; men extended their right hands and, with genuine or mock pride, exclaimed:

"That's the hand that shook the hand of John L. Sullivan!"

HERE are two samples—many others will come in this biography—of his extraordinary popularity.

In 1890, in a sparsely settled Texas county, an attorney was seeking election as county judge. He alone in that poor vicinity had been able to afford a ticket to the Sullivan-Kilrain fight on July 8, 1889. On his return from Mississippi City he had furnished the editor of the weekly paper with an exciting account of that famous seventy-five-round contest. In the first speech of his campaign he launched into what threatened to become an interminable inventory of his qualifications, when he was interrupted by a lean old cowhand in the front row.

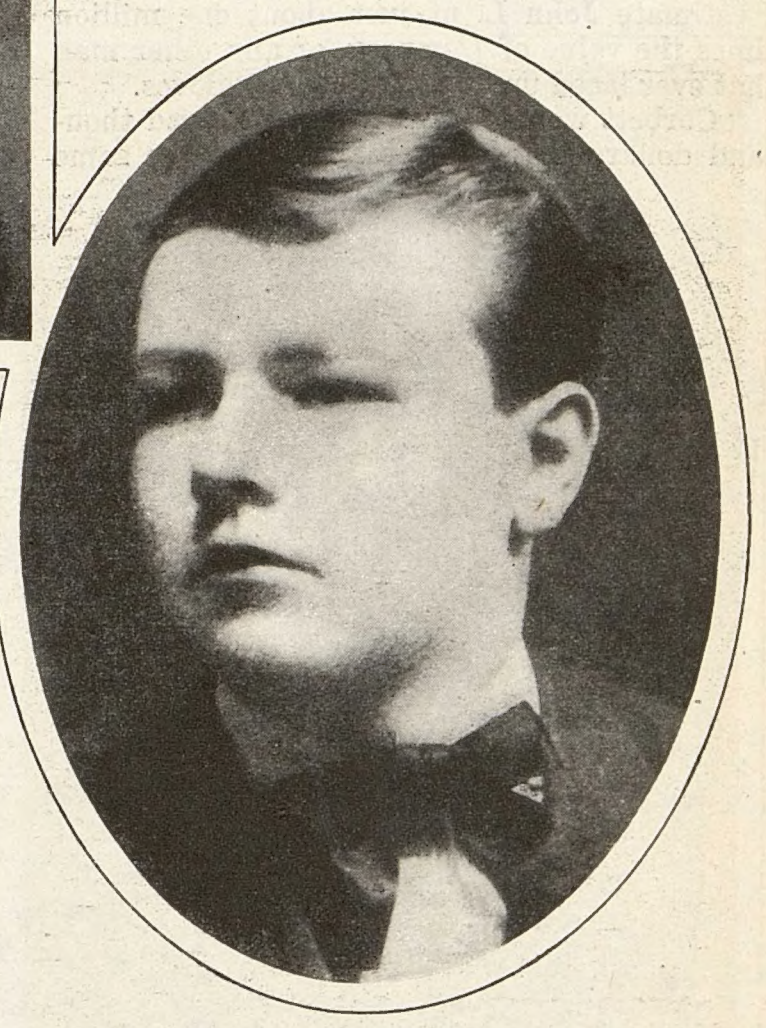
"Never mind tellin' us about yourself, pardner," he drawled. "We know all about you. Jes' spring us that yarn about the scrap between John L. and Kilrain. We'll look after the votes."

The attorney, wise in his yokel hour, caught the idea; and thereafter he entertained his audiences with a brief statement that he was running for county judge and with a prolonged description of the great bare-knuckle fight. He was elected by a large majority.

SOME fifteen years ago, at a church bazaar in Boston, which Sullivan had been persuaded to attend to aid some charity, an autograph letter of President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard was put up. It fetched a final bid of one dollar. Sullivan took a program from a girl and scribbled his name on it. It was sold for two dollars.

"It's the law of supply and demand," Sullivan gravely explained. "Doctor Eliot writes many letters; I seldom sign my name.

"But," he added, laughing, "Eliot's autograph ought to be worth more than mine: he's still in the ring out there at



John L., at twelve years of age, didn't look as tough as he was, as many youngsters in school discovered to their sorrow. His steady gaze should have warned them that here was the wildest fighting Irish kid in the fighting Irish community of Roxbury.

Harvard, whereas I was knocked out nearly eighteen years ago. It only shows what the public likes!"

What was the secret of this man's unrivaled popularity? What did he have or do that no other sporting character ever possessed or did so to enchain the affection and respect of a republic? What explains this strange thing:

In November last Sullivan's nephew, Arthur J. Lennon, stood with me outside Loew's Orpheum Theater in Boston, and watched Jack Dempsey emerge after completing his act. We two were the only persons who greeted the present heavyweight king! Whereas Sullivan

never left a train, or his hotel, or a theater, or lecture hall without demoralizing traffic from that door to his next stop.

The answer to our question is brief: John L. Sullivan was always on the level! Honesty is a virtue universally admired and practiced less than any other. You knew his fearless heart and his extraordinary ability and his sense of honor would carry on until victory or unconsciousness came his way. Of what other man in glove history can this be said?

There was, you see, only one John L. Sullivan.

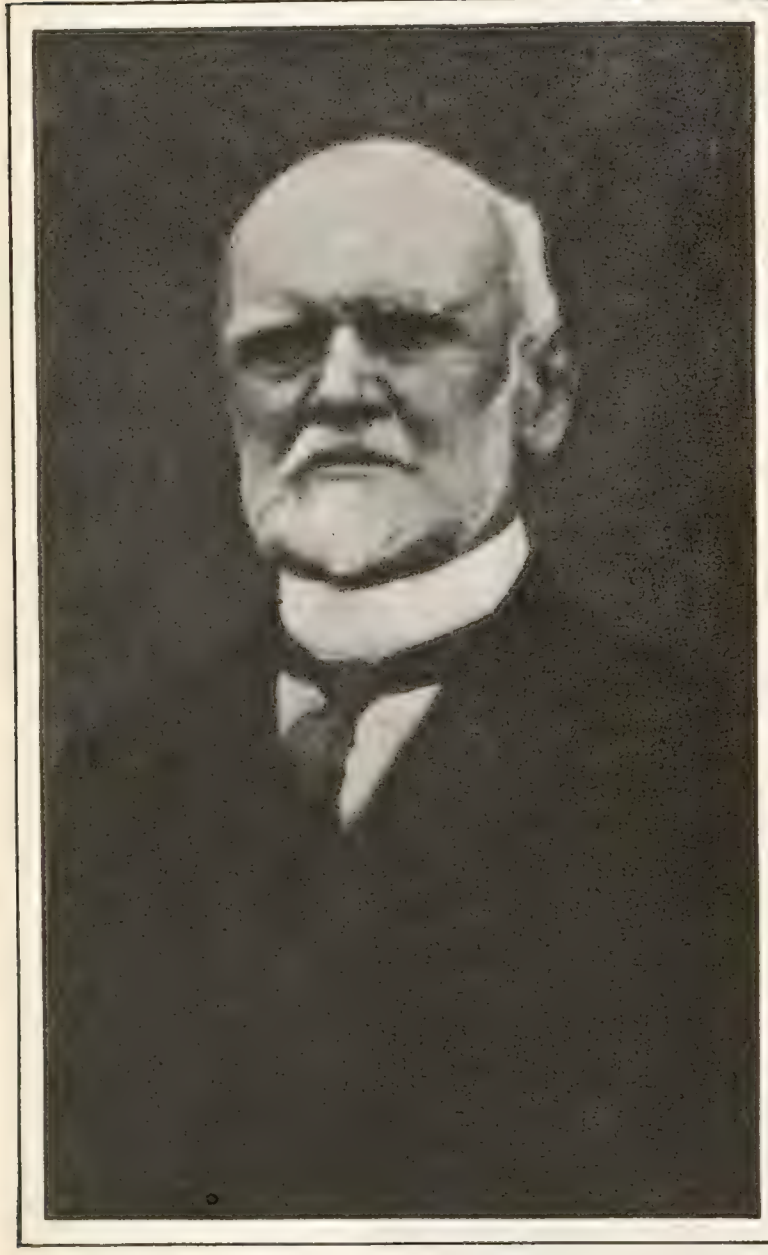
And this is his story, as he himself told it to me, with only such interpolations of my own as, in his modesty and pride and decency—and shame—he would not discuss.

THE years have cemented to Boston many of its ancient suburbs, and these have lost their individuality in the merger. But early in the last century Roxbury was the wildest Irish stronghold in North America. In 1848 two emigrant ships disgorged upon the Boston waterfront two strangers, a smallish man with a fierce gray stare, and a large, powerful young woman whose bold black eyes surveyed, unknowing, the land her first born was to rule with his mighty fists for so many years.

Michael Sullivan, if he wrote home at all, addressed his letters to Tralee, County Kerry; and about the year 1855 he might have written with truth that he had but lately met a tall and heavy colleen named Catherine Kelly, of County Roscommon's fairest city, Athlone. Little Michael—there are many stories of his appetite for usquebaugh and of his combative spirits, both of which he handed on in prodigious measure to his son but which were entirely out of proportion to his five feet three inches and one hundred and thirty-five pounds of hod-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTEEN]

Proof of a popularity that never died! Knocked out by Jim Corbett seventeen years before this picture was taken, John L. blocks traffic by his appearance on the street in front of the Howard Athæneum in Boston, in February, 1909.



The first man to whip John L. Sullivan! Professor James A. Page, principal of the Dwight Grammar School in Roxbury, back in 1870. The professor gave John a sound thrashing with a two-foot ruler, after one of the wildest classroom fights ever seen in a school. Professor Page died in 1917 at the age of 92.

INASMUCH as some readers may not be familiar with the rules of boxing a brief comparison is made between the old London prize ring rules, under which John L. Sullivan won the world's heavyweight championship and was never defeated, and the Marquis of Queensberry rules, introduced by that British peer in an effort to eliminate some of the brutality permitted under the old code. The Queensberry rules are now followed in England and the United States.

LONDON PRIZE RING

Bare knuckles or, if law demands, skin-tight gloves.

A round lasts until one man goes down or is unable to "come up to scratch"—a line drawn from one neutral corner to the other.

Wrestling, falling heavily on top of opponent, strangle holds with forearm, tripping, heeling opponent's face with butt of hand, and hitting any way in clinches are permitted.

Half-minute intermission between rounds.

Victory awarded when other man is unable to respond to call of "Time" after intermission. [This, of course, gave a fighter thirty seconds to recover and prolonged fight to more brutal lengths.]

[Obviously, these fights lasted till one man was so badly beaten he was helpless, since all bouts were to a finish, and "masters of ceremonies," as referees were called, could not award victory until one man was "out of time"—unable to carry on.]

QUEENSBERRY RULES

Fair-sized padded gloves of the best quality, and new. (Usual weight five ounces each and up.)

Each round lasts three minutes.

Only blows with padded (knuckle) part of glove permitted. All other blows barred, as well as holding, butting with head, shouldering, falling without being struck, wrestling, hitting with open glove, or with inside or heel of glove. Matter of clinches agreed on beforehand, whether to break clean at command of referee, fight selves free with both hands, or hit with one hand till ordered to break.

One minute intermission.

Victory awarded on points if bout lasts specified number of rounds, or if one man is unable to rise to feet in ten seconds after going to floor, or is unable to fight after end of intermission.

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Fannie Hurst	Royal Brown
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Cynthia Stockley	Carolyn Wells
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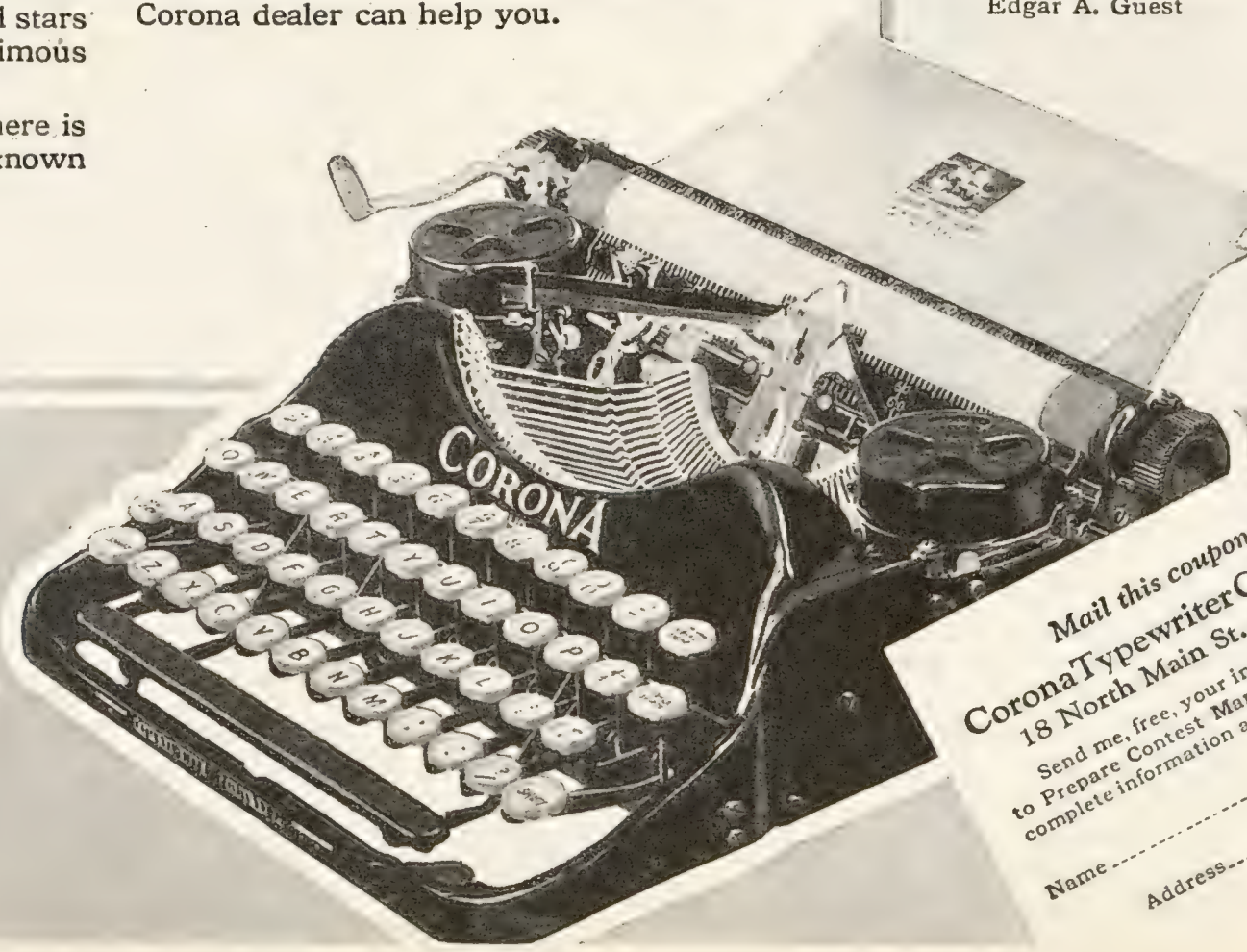

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN]

carrying flesh—asked the one hundred and eighty-pound Catherine to marry him. She said she would, when he had saved enough of his earnings to make a payment on a home.

"And where will this house bay?" asked Mike.

"Oi've wan picked out already," quoth Katie.

They went to look at it, a small frame dwelling at No. 8 Parnell Street. To pay for it meant more bricks and less whisky; but Michael bared his breast to that two-edged sword. Within a year he had had two fights with the owner and had started the payments. A year later they were married by the parish priest, and moved into their four-room house.

History has little definite to say thereafter about the pair, for on October 15, 1858, there was born to them a son, and history was to be so busy keeping track of him that his parents became merely biographical data. We know one curious thing, though, that came from that union, and that is that they gave the boy they named John Lawrence an extraordinary pair of eyes. A thousand bets were to be won and lost in later years over the question of their color.

"Black," one would insist. "Black as a lump of coal."

"Five dollars says you're wrong," another would answer. "They're gray, gray as can be."

They were gray. You shall see many pictures in this series which show them black—'twas the fighter's mood, perhaps, and the photographer's light; and others which truly give their shade. It was a strange gray; the dead, remorseless gray of slate, and yet alive as cloud-hued waves in a gale. If John L. gazed steadily at you you immediately felt his tremendous personality; after a bit you wished to look away, but you didn't; you stared back, fascinated. His opponents, regaining consciousness, always had a bewildered word to say about those gray-black eyes which Michael Sullivan and Catherine Kelly brought over from the smoky skies of Ireland.

"And phwat shall we make of the boy?" asked Mike.

"A praste, iv course," said Katie. "He might be a bishop some day."

LITTLE transpired in the lad's life before he was eight, old enough to go to and from the old Concord primary school a few blocks away. There he made his first grades. Tradition says that, like Damon Runyan's famous fighting canaries, he sang bass from infancy. At any rate, lungs must have had an early start to equip a man with the thunderous voice that Sullivan owned.

And old men I discovered in Boston a month or two ago told me that in their boyhood they were told by somebody who had been told by someone else that during the three years John attended the Concord Street school he was distinguished for just one thing: he was fighting all the time.

"What did your father and mother say about it?" I once asked Sullivan.

"It's the old story," he said. "My mother scolded me for being in a fight all the time, but as I always won she must have objected just to keep the record straight. The old man had been a terrier. Though he was only a little chap, he came from a family known in Ireland as the Big Sullivans. He had little right to complain about my fighting, because all the neighbors knew what a wild man he was before my mother tamed him.

"But I remember a funny thing. Once when I came home after a battle that must have been tough enough to cause a lot of comment in the district my father said:

"'Don't get cocky because ye licked young Dugan this mar-r-rnin'. There are boys in Ireland twilve years old, the same as yesilf, that could slap ye down and niver think anything iv it.'

"Nineteen years later, after I returned to Boston from whipping Jake Kilrain, the Roxbury people told me that the old man had celebrated for two days and nights before my mother caught up with him. He got a stovepipe hat, shined his shoes, forgot to put on a collar, hired a hack, got a red torch, and started out from saloon to saloon, bullying the bartenders and customers, telling everybody that he was John L.'s father, and that his boy could whip any man on earth, or any ten men at once, and generally having a fine time.

"Yet when I got back and he met me at the station, and I squeezed his hand pretty hard, just in fun, he flared up and, in front of everybody, said:

"'Don't get conceety because ye licked Kilr-r-rain. Because ye are the champion ye think ye can fight, but there are min in Ireland that could br-r-reak yer back with wan slap iv the hand and niver think anything iv it!'

"He was a great old man, God rest his ashes, and I must have given him and mother plenty to worry about before I made good."

WHEN John was nine a brother was born. They called him Mike. Mike enters the scene only to pass out, reappearing once, when I took a picture of his name on the fine monument John erected over the graves in the family plot in Calvary Cemetery, in West Roxbury. He died in 1895, aged twenty-eight.

One other child came to that household, a sister, Anna. She married a man named James Lennon, raised a large family, and lived to a ripe old age. From 1891 until her death in September, 1918, seven months after her great brother had passed on, she lived in a comfortable home at No. 87 Brook Avenue, Roxbury, purchased for her by Sullivan while he was still champion. Lennon was killed in an explosion in a former war munitions plant in January, 1919; and their children are living in Boston.

At the end of the term, in June, 1870, the school authorities informed Sullivan senior that, incredible as it might seem, they would struggle along thereafter without the presence of his son on the roster.

"Jawn," said his mother, grimly, "ye are too young to go to Boston College, where the brothers will mend yer manners. But meantoime ye shall go to the Dwight Grammar School in Springfield Street, where Professor Page will cure ye iv yer indacent misbehavior-r-r."

Professor James A. Page was the first man to whip John L. Sullivan! To the end of his long and useful life—he died in 1917, at the age of ninety-two—Professor Page liked to tell of the few incidents he remembered in connection with his famous pupil. He sent the new student to his room and told his teacher to fasten a wary eye on him. The first thing she saw, an hour later, was a note being passed from desk to desk. She captured it and read:

> My name is John L. Sullivan. I whipped every boy at the Concord Primary, and I can whip every kid in this room. I'm going to do it, too. Read this and pass it on.

In less than a month young Sullivan had made good. His recesses consisted of one combat after another. His progress after school was a series of fights that strung out for the full half mile home. He even went to his classes a half hour before the bell rang, charming his mother by such industry. Alas! it was only to have more time to hunt boys he had not yet whipped!

Professor Page recalled that his reports showed John was fairly interested in arithmetic and English, soon losing the brogue he was saturated with at home, but was hopeless in geography.

ONE day, in answer to a question as to their whereabouts, he told his teacher that the Rocky Mountains were in Maine. A shout of derision followed, and John punched the nearest boy on the nose. Into the free-for-all that followed the teacher plunged, emerging with a firm clutch on Sullivan's collar. She sent him to the principal with a note. Page returned with him, and in front of the pupils gave the future champion a sound beating with a two-foot ruler.

By the time Sullivan was fourteen the Dwight School authorities agreed with the Concord faculty that John might do better elsewhere, but whether he did or not, that he was going there. There was another bitter wrangle in the little house at No. 8 Parnell Street; and John was sent to Connor's Commercial School, his father thinking the lad might learn enough to keep him from becoming a hod-carrier.

But John was incorrigible. He lasted a year at Connor's, or just long enough to add to his already flourishing repute as a tough egg to be scrambled with in a fist fight. When he was fifteen, his distracted mother grabbed him by the hand and dragged him over to Boston College, on Harrison Avenue.

The old building is now known as the Boston College Prep School, the college long since having moved to its present campus out Newton way. John stayed there two years. His scholastic record was never tacked up on the bulletin board as an example for succeeding students to emulate, but the fast growing boy was a distinct asset to the college baseball team. When he was seventeen, the Brothers agreed with the three other schools that the time had come for young Sullivan to be on his way.

John went home, his mother weeping and upbraiding him and understanding at last that her overgrown, two-fisted son never was destined to wield the miter.

"What am I going to do?" John echoed their question. "I'm going to work."

"At phwat, ye rogue?" demanded the elder Sullivan.

"Well, what do you suggest?" countered young Sullivan.

"Ye are not even fit to be a plumber-r-r's helper!" was the scornful retort.

"Is that so? Well, then, I'll be a plumber."

The second installment, to appear in next week's issue, will tell of Sullivan's life as a young man—of his first job as a plumber's helper, his extraordinary strength and pugnacity; how he won his first professional fight by knocking a pugilist over the footlights; his boyhood sweetheart and after events; the introduction of celebrated sporting characters of that period; of more professional fights, and finally of his being matched to meet the great Mike Donovan in a fight.

Back from the War,

MAD ANTHONY

Finds That Dreams DO Come True

"Come, Wayne," said General Washington. "What are you doing there?"

"CAN'T we get off the train somewhere?" Anthony asked when he realized they were heading into a reception. His father was traveling home with him from Montauk Point.

One bullet had hit his hip. That was the persistent wound. It was all right, the surgeons said. He'd limp a while. He did. He could not sit comfortably in the parlor car seat. He was pale. He was interestingly so to the matron across the aisle. She had a pretty girl with her, evidently her daughter.

The mother gathered quickly that Anthony was a wounded soldier. The girl took only shy glances at him and either read or looked out of her window.

"I don't see how it could be done, Anthony," said his father.

"I think maybe I'd better go back to the hospital," said Anthony.

It was preposterous that such a thing should be happening to him. He could see the Silver Cornet Band on the station platform. It had won three State competitions. Earl Larkin, the leader, would have all his decorations on. He would have that band at acute attention as No. 8 came around the curve.

Tommy Tomlin, prominent citizen and man-about-town, would be there with the tall hat he wore to the K. P. and Odd Fellow funerals. The Rev. Angus Scott and the Rev. Henry Boling might be there and the Hon. County Judge Roberts, the town font of eloquence, was certain to be there. Possibly the mayor and aldermen. Certainly all the fellows who hung around the poolroom and the Arcade barber shop, along with a concourse of the ordinary citizenship who loved a ceremonial. There might be a mob of fellows from the college with a cheer leader. The prospect was terrifying.

Earl Larkin would wait until the sound of the brakes had died down and until the first train man had swung down the steps. Then he would lower his hand, swing his cornet with a flourish to his lips.

"Well," said Anthony, "it's probably the worst part of the war. I didn't know it was going to be like this."

"They're proud of you, Anthony," said his father. "It can't be helped. You want to see your mother, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Anthony.

"She'll be waiting for you. At home, I'd guess. It's only a minute with the people at the station."

"Pardon me," said the matron, leaning forward across the aisle, "is your son a soldier?"

"Yes," said Mr. Wayne.

AGNES

"I am Mrs. Towey," she said. "I live in Greenville. My sister lives in Centralia. I thought I heard you mention Centralia. Do you live there?"

"Yes, Mrs. Towey," said Anthony's father. "I am Mr. Wayne. This is my son, Anthony. We are just going home from Montauk Point."

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Wayne," said the lady. "I am pleased to meet your son. Florence, this is Mr. Wayne and Mr. Anthony Wayne."

The girl's shy eyes fluttered a moment at Anthony. He felt that ordinary life was a much more serious thing than battle. He thought he ought to get up and bow, but the train took a curve, and as he instinctively raised himself his hip failed him and he sank back.

Anthony hated himself. He seemed to have dramatized himself. Everybody would think he had done so. The Dying Gaul! Oh, the devil! He gasped something and looked away, out of the window.

"I know Centralia so well, Mr. Wayne," said Mrs. Towey. "Through my sister. I feel quite at home there. Florence has been so interested in the soldiers. She has known a dozen of the poor boys from our town. So sympathetic with them. Was your son wounded, did you say?"

"Six times," said Mr. Wayne with a vibrant thrill in his voice.

Good Lord! thought Anthony in despair. Was that his modest father?

"And he was decorated for bravery," said this unnatural parent.

"You don't tell," said Mrs. Towey, "and so young!"

"For saving his captain's life," said Mr. Wayne.

"Anthony," said Agnes, "what are you looking at? What do you see?"

Seventh and Last in a Series of Short Stories, Each Complete in Itself, About a Boy Hero Whose Guide, Philosopher, and Friend Is the Gallant Shade of Mad Anthony Wayne

"Florence," said Mrs. Towey, "for saving his captain's life."

"Yes, mamma," said the girl with the shy eyes.

Anthony closed his eyes. Even the flying farm land out the window rebuked him. He wondered how his father could do it.

"Where was it?" Mrs. Towey asked.

"At Kettle Hill," said his father.

"Maybe he would tell us about it," said Mrs. Towey. "Florence would love to hear it."

Mr. Wayne laughed. That was his father again and Anthony felt reassured. Otherwise he must jump through the glass and out of the window.

"I'm just a bit afraid he won't tell about it, Mrs. Towey," he said. "I would, but he hasn't told me. So I can't."

"How interesting," said Mrs. Towey.

Anthony closed his eyes tightly.

"I wonder if you know my sister, Mr. Wayne," said Mrs. Towey. "She is Mrs. Tomlin."

Anthony, behind his barricade of closed eyes, quivered. Tommy Tomlin would be the one at the station reception with a tall hat and he would freely perspire all over the unctuous ceremonial.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Wayne. "Mr. Tomlin is the best known and most respected man in town."

"So my sister says. I never quite saw it myself. He has a presence, I'll admit. But, Florence, isn't it fortunate that we had decided to stop over at Centralia and visit Aunt Em?"

"But, mamma," said the shy girl, "you said we had decided not to."

"You misunderstood me, Florence. I said we had decided to do so."

By

CLIFFORD RAYMOND

Pictures by W. B. KING

"Oh," said Florence.

"Oh, hell," said Anthony to himself, having been corrupted by the army.

"It will be nice to see your son's reception," said Mrs. Towey, and Anthony wearily shifted the position of his bad leg.

THE train approached Centralia. Anthony saw the red mill on Gill Creek, four miles out of town, and thought that he had been a long time away from these pleasant environs of another life. Things never could be the same again. The war had done that.

The red mill on Gill Creek not only had flashed by him as a glint of the other life which had been happy, but it produced a cold sweat. He was only four miles from the grotesque proceedings which would involve him on the station platform. He smiled, and said, "No, thank you," when the porter came with his whiskbroom. His leg was untrustworthy. The porter had recognized Anthony as an invalided soldier and was a friend and admirer. He had gathered that there was to be a demonstration and welcome at Centralia. He bent over Anthony's chair.

"You take your time," he said. "Your pa and I will be off the car first, and if they rush you we'll have our shoulders in the way. You take care of your laig."

It was a friendly world, Anthony thought. The porter was dusting off Mrs. Towey. It was almost too friendly, Anthony thought.

The train was in town. It had passed the gas works. There was the red brick front of the Commercial Palace Hotel. They were at a stop. An instant of silence and then the Centralia Silver Cornet Band under Earl Larkin was doing its stuff. A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight.

Anthony had fawn eyes. He said, "No, thank you," to an offer of maternal help from Mrs. Towey. He avoided the shy eyes of Florence. His father was a nice man and devoted himself to getting the ladies off the car.

Anthony followed slowly. The other people in the car looked at him sympathetically. He hated sympathy. It dramatized him. He wanted to be let alone. He wanted to have two good legs and get off the train as a traveling man. The porter came back to him.

"There's a jam out there," he said, "but don't you mind it."

"Thanks," said Anthony.

"I had a brother in the Tenth," said the porter, "but he didn't come back."

"Sorry," said Anthony. "They were next door to us."

The porter's eyes were beady.

"This is a bad jam," he said, "and I reckon you don't care much for it."

"I hate it," said Anthony.

"Suppose I just made a shoulder through the crowd and got you to a cab outside?"

"You couldn't do it," said Anthony.

"We stay here five minutes," said the porter. "I could try."

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They were at the steps of the car.

"Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!"

The screech of the unarmed citizenry arose above the Silver Cornet Band.

Anthony saw the plump face of Mrs. Towey. He saw thousands of faces. He saw Mr. Tommy Tomlin on a packing case.

Hurrahs were in his ears. Hands were stretched out to greet him. All the time the porter at his elbow was edging him through the crowd, with steady pressure and gentle remarks.

"Easy now, people. You all see how he limps. That's a kind gentleman. One side, please. You don't want this boy collapsing on you. Folks, he's sick. Thank you all. Now we're coming. That's nice of you, folks."

THE porter got him through and into old Dan Shea's cab just as the local font of eloquence was getting a start, and Anthony, as he was driven away, heard:

"Saved from the yellow tyranny of Spain, he comes wounded home to us."

Anthony, in Dan Shea's cab, was jogging home.

At the outskirts of the crowd he thought he had seen Agnes. It might have been a fancy, but in the hundreds of faces there was one which suggested that.

Dan Shea took Elm Street on the way home. Anthony as a convalescent saw familiar things in an unfamiliar light. By a wrench they had become dissociated. They were struggling back, all of them strange—old houses, hedges, and trees, all well remembered, and all strange, out of place, but in memory.

Something had ripped down through the picture. It was the war. There was the Spoor home, a stately old magnificence as familiar to Anthony's other life as his own base-burner had been. Now strange and cold in its evergreens, something to stare at him.

Nevertheless, Anthony had to laugh. Here he was driving home in peace and comfort in old Dan Shea's cab, a refugee, with his reception roaring without its lion down at the station, his father lost in it. Tommy Tomlin was up on the packing case, orating. They probably didn't know Anthony was gone. The porter had edged him out so ingratiatingly. The porter had lost a brother in the Tenth. Anthony was sorry for him. He had been a good scout.

"An' did the Cubians fight well?" asked Dan Shea, as they drove along.

"I never saw any," said Anthony.

"I doubt that they would, being wops," said Dan, and ended that phase of the war.

At the curb in front of Anthony's little frame-built home Dan refused to take any money.

"I regard it as an honor," he said, "and there's your mother in the door, and if you don't get along to her I'll give you a wallop with the whip. What do you think I am, man? And you hardly able to walk."

"I'll get even with you, Dan Shea," said Anthony.

"Try to do it, you young rapscallion," said Dan, and wheeled his horse about.

Anthony limped across the sidewalk to the gate. Thank God it wasn't so strange. It was the old picket fence and the old gate. His mother was in the doorway. It seemed as if she could not move. The old home. He ached for it. The steps up from the gate were a trial. He hated to limp. He couldn't help it.

His mother came two steps forward. He staggered into her arms.

"I had to wait for you here," she said when she could speak. "Here's where I saw you last and here's where I wanted to see you again. I couldn't go to the station."

Anthony hugged tightly. Then they went into the room in which he had read so many books by the base-burner.

"Anthony, are you so badly hurt?" his mother asked.

"I'm not hurt at all," he said. "I just can't help limping a little now."

"A little! Oh, Anthony!"

She hugged him again as if that must straighten out his leg.

"Why did your father let you come home alone?" she asked.

"I got away from him and the reception," said Anthony, grinning.

They sat down and looked at each other. His mother asked a hundred questions in a half hour. Then the sound of band music was heard in the street. Anthony and his mother straightened up to listen.

"I think the reception is coming," said his mother with glistening eyes. She welcomed it.

"Oh, hell," said Anthony, and his mother did not seem shocked. He was a soldier now.

A great crowd was coming down the street behind the band.

"You mustn't run away, Anthony," said his mother, anticipating him.

"I'd like to," he said. "This is an awful nuisance."

"You've got to be good. These are people who are proud of you and want to show it."

"They're nothing of the sort," said Anthony. "They're proud of themselves and their part in fighting the war is to try to make me miserable. I didn't do anything, but I might be let alone."

The band was at the curb. Anthony's father, Tommy Tomlin, County Judge Roberts, the town font of eloquence, and other prominent citizens came up to the porch with busy minds.

"Anthony," said his father, "all these people want to see you. I don't know how you slipped away at the station. You must come out."

Anthony saw that his nice father had yielded to the contagion. He had become a part of the hysteria.

"I'll come," said Anthony.

"I want to grasp your hand, Anthony," said Tommy Tomlin. Anthony grinned. He was thinking of "the hand that shook the hand that shook the hand of John L. Sullivan."

He hated his limp. Once he had thought that a wounded soldier would have a spiritual consolation in his wounds. He found he was ashamed of his incapacity.

HE went out bareheaded to the front gate and was greeted with a great yell which gave him no satisfaction. There was a solemn moment in which Earl Larkin gestured to the Silver Cornet Band and drew My Country 'Tis of Thee from it. After one stanza the crowd joined in singing it. Mr. and Mrs. Wayne, arm in arm behind Anthony, were in tears.

Judge Roberts said a few words. Tommy Tomlin said a few words. There were calls for Anthony. He said, "I'm very much obliged." The nearer fringe heard it.

The crowd dispersed, content with having done a public duty well. Anthony limped sadly into the house and hugged his mother again. Then he sat down and for the first time saw a great mass of roses.

"They came today from Doctor Holt and Agnes," said his mother. "She's home again."

"Oh," said Anthony.

There was someone at the door. Mrs. Wayne opened and gave admission to Mrs. Towey and Florence.

"Oh, Mrs. Wayne," said Mrs. Towey, "wasn't it thrilling! We met Mr. Wayne and Anthony on the train. I am Mrs. Towey, Mrs. Wayne. I am Mrs. Tomlin's sister. This is Florence. We waited until they all had gone to come in a minute. Isn't it wonderful to have such a boy in the family?"

"It is, when you have him there," said his mother.

"I just wanted to say a word," said Mrs. Towey. "It's a sacred moment for you, Mrs. Wayne. We'll not interrupt now, but I hope we'll see you soon again. Come, Florence."

They went.

"That's a shy little girl," said Mrs. Wayne, "and pretty, but her mother! Why should she come out here?"

"We met her on the train," said Mr. Wayne. "What does it matter? The people like Anthony because they like him. I don't share his opinion of it at all. I don't blame them and I don't see how they could help it."

Anthony grinned and pulled his favorite chair into his favorite position. It was October and through the burner doors showed the ruddy, blue-tongued glow of the fire. This was where he had read Deerfoot, Ivanhoe, The Merchant of Venice, Tom Brown, Barnaby Rudge, Wuthering Heights, everything. It was where he had lived.

His mother's eyes grew watery and her voice choked.

"Now, I declare," she said, "I know now I've got you home."

SHE went out into the kitchen to get supper, but first she had to press her face to the wall against her arm, trembling because of what she saw had been done to Anthony and because of her emotion at having him home again.

Mr. Wayne saw the roses. He read the card.

"With our compliments to Anthony, the man we knew he was."

"That's nice," said Mr. Wayne. "You knew Agnes was home, didn't you, Anthony?"

"No, I didn't."

"She came home the day I went to bring you back. She's lovely."

"Is she?" said Anthony. It was in the form but not the interest of a question.

"You remember you told us once you two were engaged," said his father.

"No, I told you I was engaged," said Anthony. "I didn't say anything about Agnes. Mother said it was Agnes and went to Doctor Holt."

"Well, it was."

"Yes, for whatever it was," said Anthony. "Kids," he added, with the war between him and kids.

"Well, how does she feel about it?" his father asked.

"Oh, certainly just the same as I do. Maybe more so."

"Didn't you get letters from her?"

"Yes. She wrote. After I got hurt I couldn't read them for a while."

"Did you ever answer any of her letters while she was in Paris?"

"One or two," said Anthony.

"You have to go over in a day or two and thank Doctor Holt and Agnes for these flowers."

"I suppose so," said Anthony and half closed his eyes in looking at the blue tongues above the ruddy glow of coals.

Anthony was to go back to college in three days if he was strong enough, as he said he would be. As a senior he would be five weeks

late in starting. He had played all his college football. His last rush had been that aborted one up Kettle Hill with Mad Anthony ahead of him in the mists.

He did not regret what had brought it about. It was something that had to be done, but you couldn't escape the consequences.

The next day, to his mother's exquisite satisfaction, he sat by the base-burner and read. There were interruptions by neighbors calling, but these calls were little triumphs to his mother, and Anthony stood the vexation. He snuggled into the old life of reading as if he were snuggling into warm blankets of a cold night.

In the afternoon of the following day he went out for a walk, turning toward College Way and trying not to limp. Several of his class had dropped in on him his first day at home and had told him they knew him well enough to have discouraged and stopped a general college or even a class demonstration. That was nice, Anthony said and thought. They said they would see him when he came back.

"Easy now, people. You all see how he limps. One side, please. You don't want this boy collapsing on you."

ANTHONY went into College Way because, with the leaves of its elms coming down and the leaves of its oaks and elms all flaring, it was a ruddy avenue into the past and it warmed him with its October glow. It had been in such a glow of October that he, as quarter back, had called signals which shifted the position of backs and linesmen.

At Fourth Street and the Way he was overtaken. Mrs. Towey and her daughter, Florence, caught up with him.

"Oh, Captain Wayne," said Mrs. Towey. "Imagine. We were talking about you. And there you were ahead of us. So we ran. I'm quite out of breath. I mustn't lean on you, Captain Wayne. Florence, give me your arm and give Captain Wayne the other."

The shy Florence obeyed. They were linked.

"But I'm not a captain," said Anthony, thus enchained.

"All heroes are captains to me," said Mrs. Towey so enthusiastically that Anthony laughed. And just as his face was good-naturedly lighted up and his two chance companions were smiling up at him, Agnes turned out of Fifth Street into the Way. She was with a young man whom Anthony did not know. They evidently had been walking for exercise. The young man wore something new to Centralia, golf trousers and stockings. He was swinging a stick, and was laughing, evidently chatty. One glance at him made Anthony feel his limp more.

He had not seen Agnes for a year and a half. She had been in Paris studying all this time. He had one full look at a flush, truly radiant and maturing beauty. He saw her smile slightly. He heard her say, lightly and indifferently, "How do you do, Anthony."

Then he felt sick and weak.

Good Lord, how suddenly and how much he hated that young fellow in golf trousers. How much he hated the two females who happened to be with him just then, making him laugh and smiling at him, even the shy and inoffensive Florence. And, above all, how he hated himself for all his indifference and boorishness, for all the neglected letters, for everything which, at one glance at Agnes, had come home to him as criminal.

She passed on so unconcernedly. She was beautiful, had been something he knew and thought little of, had liked and tolerated, and now she was a flash of something disturbing. He had lost and it was his own fault, and he saw it for the first time.

Wasn't it the devil that Agnes should have seen him just as he accidentally was at that moment? Of course the whole thing had the appearance of choice.

The shy Florence was too pretty to let him out of that conclusion.

"I think I must turn and go back," he said suddenly. "Thank you. Good-by."

He turned so quickly, even with his bad hip, that the ladies went ahead by momentum. He was sorry. It had been rude. Florence did not merit it. Anthony did not think of her mother as a contriver because he could not imagine anyone contriving anything about him.

HE went back home and walked about the place, very unhappy, but yet sensitive to the autumn charm, into the little dried up garden where the cornstalks were yellow skeleton fingers of death reaching up from the grave, then on into the orchard, where there had been damson and greengage plums, cherries, pears, and russet apples.

All these things had been, and he was, as they were, a yellow finger reaching out of the ground to indicate that something had lived.

At supper he said:

"I think you were right, father; I ought to

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go over and see Doctor Holt and Agnes and thank them for the flowers."

"Put on your uniform and your medal, Anthony," said his mother.

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that," said Anthony.

His mother was disappointed, but his father laughed.

At the Holt door that same maid who had first dignified Anthony as "Mr. Wayne" said, "Oh, yes, Colonel Wayne, come in. I'll tell Doctor Holt."

He stood in the hallway at the foot of the stairs, a little askew to ease his hip. Agnes came down the stairs.

"Hello, Anthony," she said.

She was in an evening gown and Anthony never had seen her or any other girl thus.

"Isn't it bad luck!" she said. "I'm going out. But I'm glad to have seen you for a moment. You'll want to see father and mother."

"Ready, Agnes?" said a young man coming into the hallway from the living room.

It was the stalwart young thing of the knickerbockers of the afternoon. Now he was in full dress.

"All ready, Temp," said Agnes. "Anthony, Mr. Templeton Cosgreve. Mr. Wayne, Temp. I heard Sarah call you colonel. Are you?"

That hurt and Anthony did not say anything. These two young people were so handsome, well dressed, certain of themselves, and of such physical well being that he suffered in all the inferiority of contrast to this.

"You were in the war, Mr. Wayne?" Cosgreve asked.

ANTHONY looked at him and in an instant of bitterness nearly asked "Were you?" He didn't. That wasn't his natural way.

"Yes," he said.

"I knew several fellows who went," said Cosgreve. "Stuvy Fish was one. But he was killed. He was with Wood and Roosevelt. Of course they got the action the other volunteers didn't. What were you with, Mr. Wayne?"

Anthony was mad. No doubt he deserved just what he was getting. He had taken a line of indifference to Agnes. It hadn't been unkindness. It had been just what it was, indifference. That was all right. All he needed was to stick to it. He could even have been polite about it, much more polite than he had been. The trouble with him was, as he knew and therefore now was ashamed of himself, he had not come to call out of politeness, but because Agnes the neglected had knocked all his senses silly by appearing to them as a vision of beauty.

Just as he had walked away from her when she was a kiddish annoyance, so now he walked toward her when he was an awkward rusticity. That humiliating comprehension was not answering the question of the unbending young gentleman who wanted to know what outfit of volunteers he had been in. He did not want to brag, but he needed some pride. He snapped into it.

"The First Regular Infantry," he said.

"Oh," said Cosgreve, "I didn't know anyone who went in for that. I did know a fellow in the First. He was a Captain McComb. I heard he got pretty badly shot up. I suppose the officers do."

Anthony was a total loss. He was getting madder and madder. His leg wearied him. Agnes was miles off and permitting this good-natured young man to stand up and smile down on him.

McComb was the captain he had saved when he thought in his delirium that Mad Anthony was leading him up Kettle Hill.

"The regulars really saw the service, Mr. Cosgreve," he said quietly.

"Doctor Holt asks you will you come into the dining room, Colonel Wayne," said the maid.

The far distant Agnes swelled into near view.

"Sorry we have to go, Anthony," she said.

Then he was alone and then he went in to see Doctor Holt and Mrs. Holt. Here was the old familiar fascination. Mrs. Holt took both his hands. Doctor Holt, in his big wheel chair, waited for him with his right hand outstretched. The Persian cats were on his chair arms, but one of them sat up, and, as Anthony came to take Doctor Holt's hand, it reached up and touched his coat with its paw. The Great Dane at Doctor Holt's feet thumped the floor with his tail.

In all details it was the complete of welcome and Anthony, rather bruised by a sense of his own failures, felt the glow and sustenance of it. It was comfort after sleet.

"I have wanted to see you, Anthony," said Doctor Holt. "If I could have walked or have been driven I'd liked to have been at the station to meet you."

Anthony blushed and was awkward and his fool leg gave under him so that he instinctively caught at a chair. The thing seemed to be obvious and he hated it. Again the Dying Gaul!

"Oh, Anthony," said Mrs. Holt, catching him by the elbow.

"Please," said Anthony in an outbreak of candor. "I'm sorry. There isn't any excuse for that. I don't like it. It just gives way. I'm not hurt. I am perfectly well. It's ridiculous."

He had had the vision of Agnes, which had disappeared, and then this warmth of greeting in a room full of flowers, and he was afraid he would dissolve in some childishness.

"I tell you what Mrs. Holt and I would like you to do, Anthony," said Doctor Holt. "Just sit down and tell us all about it."

It was a miracle, but Anthony yielded, and he even, for the first time in his life, told of Mad Anthony.

Afterward he could not understand how he could have done that. It was the glow in the room after the chilling recognition of his failure with Agnes. He had known he never would tell anyone of Mad Anthony, but here he had, laughing at his kid fantasies. One life had stopped at Montauk Point. Another had begun there. Now he could look back on adolescence.

DOCTOR HOLT had been bright-eyed and had nodded his head as Anthony told of Mad Anthony, how he had done things he did not want to do because of Mad Anthony and how he had followed Mad Anthony up Kettle Hill.

Tenderness suffused the faces of Doctor and Mrs. Holt, and she frequently winked as if tears were in her eyes. Doctor Holt stroked the head of the dog or of one of the cats.

Suddenly Anthony realized on what a strange flood he had been carried away. It must have been an effort at justification. Agnes had put him in the wrong by being so beautiful and desirable and unattainable. He was trying to get away from the painful sense of his inferiority. That must have been why in the sympathetic glow and warmth of Doctor and Mrs. Holt's attention he had gone so abruptly and willingly into this revelation of himself.

"Oh," he said, when he suddenly realized this, "I'm sorry. I don't know why I did it. I think I must be going home."

"Anthony," said Doctor Holt, "you have given us a really great pleasure. I know what you mean. You think you have revealed yourself too intimately. Not to us, Anthony. It was the nicer because we know it was so particularly for us."

"Thank you," said Anthony. "I know I shall feel ashamed of myself."

"Please, don't, Anthony," said Mrs. Holt.

"Anthony," said Doctor Holt, "would you break a rule—you see, I know you and ask you to break a rule—and come to dinner some evening when the young people are here? Agnes would like that."

"Well, yes," said Anthony. "I mean, thank you, yes."

On the way home he knew he had done two foolish things and probably could not trust himself not to do more. He and Mad Anthony! He felt abashed and uneasy. That certainly was ridiculous. And the party—but anything for another sight of Agnes—even a party.

ANTHONY re-entered college the following Monday. He went by the Holt residence, on the other side of the street, and on by College Way. As he passed Agnes' home he tried not to glance across the street, but he did. Agnes was not in sight anywhere. He had been afraid he would see her. He had been afraid he might not. He was a fool. He had been one. He was now.

At the beginning of the Way he saw Florence Towey coming toward him. The pretty girl, when she saw him, was embarrassed. He wished he could turn up a side street. He had seen her three times and she had made him a lot of trouble. Wasn't she, as Agnes had seen them on the street, the very last necessary bit of evidence against him? Yes, she was, but he knew how hopelessly unfair that was.

As they came abreast both hesitated, Florence blushing. Anthony stopped. She did.

"We're going home tonight, Mr. Wayne," said the blushing Florence. "I've liked seeing you. I think it was a fine thing you did."

She was genuine. Anthony felt mean.

"It's been nice to have seen you," he said, awkwardly.

They shook hands. Then Agnes rode past on a cantering horse. She saw them. Anthony saw her. He was smitten again. She was wonderful on a horse. And far away.

"Good-by," said Florence.

"Good-by," he said, with a smile.

They went their ways, he with the idea that if he had had a straw to cling to the inoffensive Florence had sunk it.

He went on toward the college trying to feel toward Agnes the kindly indifference he had felt from the time he, as a freshman, first saw her, a white wisp of a girl sitting on a marble slab in the cemetery; from then until three days gone, when everything had changed. If he could get back where he had been it would be all right. There was nothing but madness in his present mood. He could and would snap out of it.

He had started for the college early partly because he could not walk as he did other times when he went along College Way and partly because he wanted to get inside the lecture hall before there was any considerable congregation in the Quad. He dreaded the possibilities of his reception.

As he entered through the north gate of the Quad he again had acutely that sense that abruptly a great span of years had been driven with a beat of hoofs and clouds of dust between him as he was a year ago and him as he was now.

He was in a place of empty birds' nests.

The far distant Agnes swelled into near view. "Sorry we have to go, Anthony," she said.

That was his feeling. The rainbow had blown up. The roses had turned to ashes. Where there had been wood thrush there were now buzzards.

His way through the Quad was quiet. There were boys off at a distance, but he did not encounter anyone until at the steps of the lecture hall he met Doctor Abor, the college president.

"Anthony!" the good Doctor Abor exclaimed, and Anthony felt that in shaking hands his whole person had been enveloped in a warm and kindly hand.

"I'm to be the one to show it to you," said Doctor Abor, "and that's a pleasure."

With a clutch on Anthony's arm, Doctor Abor led him into the hall and to a marble tablet, lettered in gold and set in the wall. It was the war memorial of the college.

AT the top was the name of Anthony Wayne, his class, '99; his regiment, the First United States Infantry; his record, wounded at the battle of Kettle Hill; his decoration, the Congressional Medal of Honor, for an act of heroism outside the line of duty.

The other names on the tablet had regiments and camps, but no battles. Anthony looked at this and did not believe it.

For just one second Doctor Abor seemed to change into Mad Anthony Wayne, peruked and powdered, and smiling at him, and then Anthony was only a limping senior who could not play football again, standing by his college president.

"That's it, Anthony," said this Lutheran Rock of God, "and we're proud of you and we know you and shall not bother you. I gave them a talk at chapel about it."

Anthony wondered what that meant, but later he saw that as he met his friends they were nice, but they did not make him feel uncomfortable. They did crowd about him, but they weren't at all silly. It was good to be back with them. There wasn't any of the citizen hero stuff he had encountered at the railroad station. Even his Sergeant Quinn could

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have tolerated it. It wasn't much more than what would have followed scoring a touchdown.

At chapel Doctor Abor said:

"Anthony Wayne has been permitted to come back to us, as you have observed. We are grateful for that."

It was said with simplicity and sincerity and Anthony was not embarrassed.

Doctor Abor turned to the organist.

"We will sing A Mighty Fortress," he said, and as the boys arose and took the great hymn Anthony was misty eyed, but in the familiar and accustomed ways he was back in school. He was grateful to them all. They had been cordial and they had allowed him to keep his self-respect.

He did not expect to be happy again. He did not ask to be. He had muffed things. He was physically below par and he was melancholy. He was out of most active physical life. He had been told that his leg would regain all its old strength. It never had occurred to him to believe it. He accepted unquestioningly the contrary as true.

AT the base of his melancholy was the likewise accepted fact that he was hopelessly in love with Agnes. For a while he thought of himself as having had a chance and lost it, but his common sense dispersed that notion. He never had a chance. It had been a kid affair and he had handled it just right. The Holts had been very kind. They had seen how it was from the start, an impulsive, eccentric affection of their little girl, natural to her age and temperament, and Anthony now thought that probably their first concern was for him, that just exactly what had happened to him should not happen. Well, it had, but no one should know it.

It was not necessary to be happy. Anthony did not expect it or require it. Life wasn't that way and he was not one to think that an exception should be made for him.

He always had been happiest with a book by the base-burner of a winter night with his mother and father, and in season that happiness would remain. It was enough for a modest life and he would try to get over his melancholy. In time and in part he might succeed.

He did not intend to obliterate or wholly cloister himself. He went to the first home football game after his return to school. It was as if he were a stranger to the whole proceedings. It was the first time he had gone to a spectator's seat. As he limped up the boards and sat down with his overcoat collar turned up to his ears he was lonely and old. Life had rushed by him. Some people nodded to him or called to him, but he sat there alone and the game he had played was quite beyond him.

This game had a prelude which was new to him. There was a consultation of players on the field after the limbering up exercises. There was some running about in the bleachers where the classes sat and an evident extemporization of a movement which came to form in a parade of the field headed by the two teams and followed by the classes, class by class. In front of Anthony this demonstration stopped in a mass. A player stepped out in front and waved his arms. There were three great shouts:

"Wayne! Wayne! Wayne!"

Anthony, forlorn in his overcoat, was taken by surprise. A warm flush pervaded him. The boys added a great "yeah" and broke for their seats.

This shocked and then it cheered Anthony. He thought he ought to be forgotten, but it pleased him somewhere deep down that he wasn't. Later he was glad the college won and in the dusk he slipped home to eat his supper and snuggle down in his chair with the Moonstone. One could not be completely unhappy.

THE routine of college restored gradually the appreciations he had before the war. That gap between him as a junior and as a senior closed. Its experiences softened and went into background. They ceased to obliterate everything which had preceded them. He ceased to be a being strange to himself and strange to his surroundings. He became again a continuity of the young Anthony who had a stockaded fort and communed with Mad Anthony Wayne.

He got along well enough, he thought. He wasn't melancholy all the time. Sometimes it was bad, but he learned that the first thing you must know about melancholy is that it is not permanent. It is its great terror that it seems to be so, when you have it, but the spirit which sings at dawn may be morose at noon and happy after dusk. Anthony found it so and when he was unhappy he did not allow it to weigh on him too much, and when he was contented he did not allow that to represent too much. So he got along as well as a young man might who already considered that he had lost most everything he wanted in life.

He saw Agnes occasionally. If they passed each other within nodding distance she always smiled pleasantly. Several times they had stopped for a few words. She would say:

"How are you getting on, Anthony? Better and stronger?"

He would say:

"Very nicely, Agnes."

"That's good," she would say and smile and walk on and Anthony would know that, with her natural gentleness and consideration aside, there just was nothing so unimportant in her life as he was. That was altogether as it ought to be, but she was fine and beautiful and it did not help a fellow to snap out of a melancholy.

He couldn't help knowing something of the life of the Holts because fragments of it would get into the Centralia *Gazette* and be talked about at home. He knew when young Cosgreve went back East and when he came back West again. He knew of other young men who were coming and going. There was a French lad. He was called a viscount. There was an English younger son, someone connected, as Anthony understood it, with Warwick, a Greville.

He saw some of them on the streets, sometimes with Agnes, sometimes on their way to see her. It was another world.

He remembered that Doctor Holt had made him promise to come to a party and that he had promised. It was a forlorn thing and nothing in the world he wanted to do, but, inasmuch as the invitation did not come, he assumed that Agnes had not wanted him asked to a party. That idea hurt a little, but he thought it quite reasonable. It was the natural thing to do. No use pretending. It was just embarrassing to everybody.

A week before Christmas the invitation came. It was for Christmas Eve. Now that he had it he knew it was about the last thing in the world he wanted.

At first he thought he would not go, and then he knew he must.

His mother had read the doubt in his face.

"You surely wouldn't think of not going, Anthony," she said.

"I surely do not want to," said Anthony.

"The hero of Kettle Hill has cold feet," said his father, grinning at him.

"Conrad, don't you tease him," said his mother.

"That's exactly what I have," said Anthony.

When he went to the party his mother and father were serene by the fire. The streets were quiet under a winter sky with Orion striding far and wide and Sirius a blue ice point of sparkling radiance from the Antarctic. With the snow creaking under his feet, Anthony was the colder for the chill stars of the night and turned up his coat collar. Happiness, as he looked at Sirius, was a delirious dream of the earthworm.

The Holt residence was a blaze of light. That, thought Anthony, was the answer to Sirius, but it was not for him. "Do your stuff, old chilblains," he said to the star, and rang the doorbell.

A man opened the door, but the maid, who had first recognized the civilian Anthony as "Mister" and had known the military Anthony as "Colonel," was at his elbow.

"It's Colonel Wayne," she said to the doorman. "If you please, Colonel, upstairs to the right."

After the manner of the army, Anthony wanted, out of gratitude, to say, "Thank you, sister," but he was only an earthworm escaped from Sirius, and he went upstairs, shied away from young males who were herding there, took off his overcoat, and went down again.

Mrs. Holt welcomed him with both hands, and said:

"Thank you, Anthony, for coming."

Agnes, at her side, was unbelievable, so astonishingly strange and wonderful she was.

She also said, "Thank you for coming, Anthony." She smiled at him as if, for the moment, he were someone she liked very much, and in circumstances which required her to receive guests with affection for all, she gave him a flitting, secretive sign of her greater regard for him.

Anthony knew the true value of this. It was kindness, the more kind because of the indifference which was its cause. When he accepted the invitation he had a plan. It was to pass the evening with Doctor Holt.

Doctor Holt, he thought, would be certain to sit out the party in the dining room with the Persians, the Great Dane, and the palms and flowers, with maybe a Christmas tree, fluttered about now and then by the pretty girls and visited as often as possible by Mrs. Holt.

ANTHONY found Doctor Holt as he had expected. There was a Christmas tree.

"Anthony," said Doctor Holt, holding out his hand, "you keep your word."

"Sometimes," said Anthony. "Do you mind it if I'm near you a good deal of the evening?"

"I'll like it," said Doctor Holt, "but I'll not believe it's natural or possible."

"Doctor Holt," said Anthony, smiling, "I'm terrified. I really mean it. It is reassuring to sit by you."

Cosgreve came into the room. Anthony was ashamed to dislike him.

"Mr. Wayne," said Cosgreve, "I told you I knew a captain in the First, McComb? I saw him the other day in New York. I said I had been out here and he asked if it was small enough a town for me to have seen Anthony Wayne. You won't mind, will you, Mr. Wayne, if I just say that after what he said of you I was very proud I could say that Centralia was the sort of nice place in which I could not have missed knowing you?"

Anthony was bereft even of the mean conso-

lation of disliking someone else as much as himself. If Cosgreve had seemed at first to be upstage and difficult, he was proving to be fine-minded. He was handsome, and Anthony envied him without malice. He was entitled to what he got out of the world. Anthony could persuade himself he was glad Agnes would be fortunate with him.

A great crowd of young people had assembled. They had youth, vivacity, and good looks. Musicians came in and the young people danced. Frequently girls came to Anthony as he sat with Doctor Holt and asked him please to dance. He laughed and asked them, how could he when he did not know how? Boys came out to talk to him with a shy admiration which he did not fully appreciate.

He talked to Doctor Holt, feeling in a perceptive fashion that he added to Doctor Holt's pleasure in the evening, although it seemed to him outrageous for him to consider that possible. Mrs. Holt was with them for a minute and gone for ten. Agnes came to her father frequently, and, so beautiful to Anthony that she seemed a beam from another world to him, would say something distantly kindly to him.

THE maid who knew him as "Colonel" brought trays of a late supper to him and Doctor Holt, and all the time he had the support of the presence of this gentleman of the world whose legs had completely given out. But Anthony's sense of negligibility and unworthiness grew on the conditions in which he found himself. The music wove fairy dance dreams of a closed world to him in which unattainable beauty moved in the joy and ease of youth.

He said he must go home. He was conscious and becoming each moment more painfully so, of the position he kept at the party. He must, he thought, be boring Doctor Holt, but except to go for his hat and coat he did not dare move from his anchorage. It was a night when he was not getting the better of his melancholy.

Doctor Holt was wise.

"Well, Anthony, if you must," he said, "will you believe me that you have made me less lonesome than I thought I'd be?"

"I'll come back and say good night," said Anthony.

He made his way by the edges of the rooms and up a crowded stairway. Then he got to the coat room.

He was digging for his overcoat in the stacks of them on the bed and chairs and was alone in the room. As he entered he had swung the door to again. It was two inches of being closed.

He had just found his coat under the accumulations of later arrivals when he heard Agnes' voice outside in the hallway. Also the voice of Templeton Cosgreve.

"I am sorry, Templeton," she said. "I did want you to understand from the very start."

"But, Agnes," Templeton said, "I can't understand. I must go home. I go in a few hours and if I could only have the answer I want I'd get on the train singing. Why not, Agnes?"

"Templeton," she said, "I've told you. I've tried to make you understand. I'm engaged."

Anthony retreated to the farthest corner of the room. He pressed himself into it and he put his fingers in his ears. He remained thus for ten minutes. Then he relaxed and, hearing no further sounds in the hall, he took his hat and coat and went down the stairs. He said good night to Doctor and Mrs. Holt, sorry that he had been so out of place at the party.

"I hope you've had a good time, Anthony," said Mrs. Holt.

"Really I have," he said. "I can't dance. Honestly, I guess I'm awkward in every way. I'd like to say good night to Agnes if I knew where she was. Will you say it for me?"

"Throw your hat and coat on that chair, Anthony," said Doctor Holt, "and go find her."

Anthony had a sudden resolution. He would. It was good-by. He would say it to her now.

"I think I will," he said.

He worked his way along the edge of the dancers and through groups in other rooms and lost his self-consciousness. He encountered Templeton Cosgreve and asked him if he knew where Agnes was. Cosgreve seemed shaken and sad.

"No, I don't, Mr. Wayne," he said decently. Anthony thought that he must be a very nice young man and was sorry for him.

"Sorry, I can't find Agnes," he said, going back for his overcoat and hat, "but you'll say good night for me?"

"Yes, Anthony," said Doctor Holt, "and a Merry Christmas to you."

Anthony edged his way to the door. The maid who knew him as "Colonel" intervened there.

"Miss Holt is out by the gate," she said, and was gone.

ANTHONY went down the walk. Just at the gate he saw Agnes. She was standing by the balsams with a great coat of sealskin enveloping her. It seemed to him that she and Sirius were challenging each other.

He felt just as he did when he first had seen her on the marble bench in the graveyard.

"Agnes," he said.

"Yes, Anthony," she said.

"I want you to know that unfortunately I couldn't help hearing you. You were in the hall and I was getting my coat and hat. I felt that it was a sneaking thing, but I couldn't help it."

"Of course, Anthony," she said, "no one would think of you as sneaking."

"So I had to hear that you were engaged," he said. "I wanted to wish you happiness."

"Thank you, Anthony. How are you getting along?"

"Well enough," he said.

"Do you still do the things you are afraid to do? You remember we first saw each other doing that."

"In the old graveyard," said Anthony. "It was a long time ago, wasn't it?"

"Less than four years. That's no time at all."

"It's a lot of time sometimes," said Anthony. "You can almost get old in four years."

"Do you still do things you don't want to? I think you do because you came tonight."

"I wanted to," he said.

"No, you didn't. You came because you promised father."

"No, I wanted to see you again, Agnes. I was timid, of course. Good night, Agnes."

"Anthony," she said.

"Yes," he said, stopping the rush he had started for the gate.

"You heard me say I was engaged."

"Sorry.. I couldn't help it."

"Don't you want to know to whom I am engaged?"

"If you want to tell me, Agnes."

"Anthony," she said, coming toward him, "don't make a girl do all the courting. I'm engaged to you."

ANTHONY, holding Agnes in his arms, looked wonderingly out at Sirius, old chilblains, and that sun suddenly blew up into blue pieces, and in the light of the explosion General Mad Anthony Wayne passed by, talking with General Washington, and pegleg Corporal Trim was behind them.

Mad Anthony saw Anthony and Agnes, and, taking off his three-cornered hat, stepped toward them, with a smile and a bow.

"May I wish you happiness, Agnes," he said, "and Anthony, may I congratulate you? I knew it all along. To him who is not scared by a mouse nor eaten by a lion all things come in their time."

Mad Anthony smiled as if he had a joke to himself.

"Yes, sir," said Anthony.

"Come, Wayne," said General Washington. "What are you doing there in the shadows?"

"Anthony," said Agnes, "what are you looking at? What do you see?"

Mad Anthony, General Washington, and Corporal Trim disappeared.

Midnight church bells sounded across the snow.

"Agnes," said Anthony, "what do your mother and father think of this?"

"They both said I ought to make you do the courting," said Agnes, "but I never wanted to. I wanted to do it myself."

"We'll go right back in and see them now," said Anthony.

"It's Christmas," said Agnes. "Wait a moment and hear the bells. We may never again hear any bells like these!"

"Well, I don't know," said Anthony. "I think maybe I'm going to hear them all my life."

THE END

Ring Lardner

Writes a Short Story

and there's a story *within* the story. As the village barber chatters on about the village joker's side-splitting trick on the new doctor, another narrative grows on you—a grim tale with hidden motives of cruelty and indignation interacting to produce a smashing climax. *Mr. Lardner's* droll humor, for which he is famous, adds the perfecting touch to this remarkable story. It's called

Haircut

and it appears in next week's Liberty

Is a Wife a Nuisance

Some Pros and Cons About the Helpmate Who's Sure She Can Help in the Business

MR. EDWARDS (which isn't his name) is at the head of a large and prosperous business. He is married to a very energetic woman who prides herself on her good judgment and her executive ability. She has always thought and still thinks that Mr. Edwards has a dangerous tendency to be dreamy and absent-minded; to give all his attention to some big venture of the company and to let the small things (which are *so* important, says Mrs. Edwards) go along as they will. In spite of this seemingly trancelike state and lack of snap, Mr. Edwards is now the president of his company, which is making more money than ever. He has more than two hundred employees.

Five years after he was married Mr. Edwards first went to work for the company he now heads, as treasurer. Every night his wife pumped him vigorously until she found out all that had happened during the day. In a few days she could see just where the policy of the company was weak.

"And you ought to get them to cut down their overhead. They've got at least three too many stenographers. And the office discipline is lax. I could see that at a glance." She had been at the office his second day there and, passing through the stenographer arena to his office, had taken in a great deal.

"Why don't you tell them so?" she said.

"I will, dear," said Mr. Edwards, "but, of course, I don't feel very brash since it is only my third day at work."

"But you ought to show your authority. You know that's your weakness, Albert."

After six months Mrs. Edwards said Mr. Edwards should ask for a raise.

"I think it's perfectly disgusting!" she said. "They took you on saying so blandly that, of course, they would be able to pay you more soon. And now not a peep. Now, Albert, if you are any good at all you will insist upon some recognition. I know you have brains. But you have absolutely no get-up-and-get. When will you ask for a raise?"

Mr. Edwards (like all modest men) shrank from asking for a raise. The very thought made him bilious. But Mrs. Edwards worked on him for several days with such assiduity that finally she got him to admit that an increase was his due. So she got him to promise he would ask for a raise.

"But how are you going to do it?" she said skeptically. "I know you!"

And she recalled to him the time when as a very young man he went around trying to sell life insurance. Sticking his head into a man's office, "I suppose you don't want any life insurance today," he'd say.

But Mrs. Edwards wasn't going to have him ask for a raise like that. She told him just how to do it. He was making five thousand a year. He was to ask for ten thousand.

"But, my God!" he said. "I'm not worth it yet."

"You are, too," said Mrs. Edwards. "Look at what dumb-bells like Jones get."

"But he's the personal pet of a multimillionaire in the oil business. That's like saying 'look at what Douglas Fairbanks gets.'"

"Well, can't you wait and hear me out?" said Mrs. Edwards petulantly. "Now, Albert, this is the way you must do it."

First, she said, he must ask for ten thousand dollars. They would undoubtedly protest that was too much. But he was to insist vigorously; fight for his point. Then when they saw he was adamant they would offer him seven thousand. Then he was to say since the company had had heavy expenses for the last year he would compromise and make it seven thousand five hundred.

Mr. Edwards balked at doing this for three days, but Mrs. Edwards persevered so doggedly that at last he caved in.

"Well, when will you?" she asked, fixing him with her eye sternly.

"Next week."

"Now, Albert, make it definite. What day? Monday?"

"No. . . . I'll do it Tuesday."

"Well, see that you do."

So that Tuesday Mr. Edwards, all worked up to the sticking point by his wife, went into his boss' office and made a fool of himself. He asked for more money (as he well knew) than the company was warranted in paying him. And as he did so he felt painfully fussed over this cheap bargaining which was so different from his natural impulses. His boss only looked very much astonished and puzzled, and said he would take it under consideration.

Mr. Edwards staggered back into his own office and his chagrin and self-accusation were so painful he could not work for many hours.

"Well, did you?" said Mrs. Edwards that night.

"Yes," he said, gloomily. "But I felt as

Around *the* Office?

By Brenda Ueland

Picture by JOHN H. STRIEBEL

though I were hunting rabbits in a tank." And right there he made a vow to himself that he would never ask for a raise again as long as he lived. Incidentally, he didn't get it and he thought it served him right.

"A man," he said to himself, "who would give a raise to such an unreasonable upstart as I showed myself to be, has no sense. This will take me a year to live down."

Mr. Edwards at last found a secretary who was a whiz. After having her for a month he didn't see how he could ever get along without her. But unfortunately she and Mrs. Edwards had a little run-in. Mrs. Edwards called up one day and told the secretary to tell Mr. Edwards she was going to have lunch with him.

"But he is out just now and I know he has an engagement," said the secretary.

"With whom?" said Mrs. Edwards.

"Mr. Gleason."

"Oh, just one of the salesmen. Well, you tell Mr. Edwards that I am going to have lunch with him today as a friend of mine has been unable to meet me. I'll come down to the office at once."

When she got there Mr. Edwards had gone.

"Did you tell Mr. Edwards?" asked Mrs. Edwards.

"No, I didn't," said the secretary, looking rather green.

"Well, Miss Jones," said Mrs. Edwards, getting on her high-horse, "may I ask why not?"

"Because I knew Mr. Edwards' lunch with Mr. Gleason was very important and Mr. Gleason has to leave at four o'clock for the West and it is an important conference for Mr. Gleason and he has to get his new orders and I couldn't get hold of Mr. Edwards. . . ."

"Well, Miss Jones," said Mrs. Edwards haughtily, "I don't like your attitude! . . . Did you take those things to the cleaner that I sent down this morning?"

"Nope."

Mrs. Edwards took a quick breath.

"Well, Miss Jones," said Mrs. Edwards haughtily, "I don't like your attitude! . . . Did you take those things to the cleaner that I sent down this morning?"

"We'll see about this," she muttered and flounced out of the office.

As a result of this, Miss Jones finally announced to Mr. Edwards that the only thing for her to do was to resign.

"It would never do," she said tactfully. "Mrs. Edwards comes down here so much and if she doesn't like me—why, it would be hopeless."

And with succeeding secretaries Mrs. Edwards didn't seem to get along. Either she thought they were poor executives or their clothes were too flashy. But in most cases, it was that she did not like their attitude. Finally, Mr. Edwards got an elderly woman with thick lenses in her glasses, who was very timid and all of a-flutter to be obliging. But she wasn't (Mr. Edwards had to admit to himself every now and then) very smart.

THEN one night when Mr. Edwards was going over the events of the day in response to his wife's questions, Mrs. Edwards became very excited.

"Him a vice president!" she cried. "What's the idea? Hendricks has done absolutely nothing for them! While look at all you've done."

"He's been there five years longer than I have," said Mr. Edwards mildly.

"What of that," snapped his wife, getting more and more exercised. "He hasn't brought them half the business you have. And now as vice president he'll be over you and giving you orders. Albert Edwards, *you must not stand for it!* I can never respect you again if you do."

Mrs. Edwards kept after him in this vein for a week.

"Well," said Mr. Edwards at last, "would you feel better if I put in a request that I still be allowed to have complete authority over my department?"

"At least that," said Mrs. Edwards sternly. So he did. With what result? That he made an enemy of poor old Mr. Hendricks and was not able to disarm him and gain his confidence again for nearly a year.

Mr. Edwards' department was working up a big project. Three of his young men had been very busy upon an advertising campaign for two months. The copy was all written. They then showed it to Mr. Edwards.

"Well," he said, "I think you have done very well. On the surface of it it looks fine. But I'll let you know for sure in a few days."

That night Mrs. Edwards was looking through her husband's brief case and she found the proposed advertising campaign.

"Albert!" she called shrilly. "What's this? You can't run this. Now look here." She got out the pencil she always carried in her hair and ran through the copy with dispatch, crossing out most of it and saying as she did so, "Oh, men! Men!"

Mr. Edwards took the copy to the office the next day. But by that time he had learned something.

"Boys," he said, going in to see the three men who were waiting for his verdict, "it's great. Shoot! By the way, will you have an

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

extra copy made for me? Mine got all messed up in the rain."

And that night when his wife said, "Did you tell them to change it?" he answered, "I did not! Alma, after this you leave my business alone. I am a good business man and I know what to do. And every time I do something under your orders, I muff it. When I get off your speeches, I am simply a stuffed shirt, an actor, and I speak without conviction and without effect. Besides, I am not going to fire any more stenographers. It doesn't do any good. Every stenographer in New York is good looking!"

Now this brought about a serious rift in the Edwards family. Although he tried to make amends by buying her a limousine and a diamond tiara, Mrs. Edwards, having once been encouraged in her know-it-all ideas, could never forgive him. The domestic alliance sank into that mild and fairly painless gloom of so many marriages, due to the perpetual feeling of miff on Mrs. Edwards' part.

So that is one kind of a wife who makes things embarrassing for her husband.

BUT there are other kinds of wives, much more likable and attractive than Mrs. Edwards who are nevertheless often something of a nuisance. I have obtained the following information from a number of business men, although they declared one and all that they spoke not about their own wives, but about other wives whose conduct they had observed.

Sometimes (they told me) very pretty and sociable wives, who would be otherwise perfect, went to a man's office and wasted an awful lot of his time talking, laughing, hanging around, trying to make him laugh when he's telephoning, asking to be introduced to the new man from the Boston office, describing dresses to his secretary.

And some wives make themselves a source of worry and apprehension to a man by expecting every time they go downtown to be taken out to lunch. And if he has a business engagement which seems to them unimportant, they assume the attitude of the aggrieved and put him through the ordeal of silence for a night and a day.

Then I talked to people who have worked in businesses where the wife of the president and owner decides suddenly to be an influence for good in the lives of her husband's employees. She begins going to the office; meets everybody, and wants "to know just all about everybody," gives teas in the offices and picnics at her country place. This is all very well, but it is a difficult thing to get away with, especially for a very dressy woman. Kind deeds are apt to seem unctuous and affected and to arouse only suspicion and uneasiness in those who are supposed to benefit by them.

Another woman's husband was the owner and publisher of many magazines. She was brilliant and sophisticated and daring. One day she decided it would be interesting to take a hand in running the magazines and began going to the editorial offices every day in black satin and pearls. But the sudden assumption of authority made everybody mad, probably because she seemed so rich and fashionable that everybody was afraid of her. Her suggestions were resented all around. And quite unjustly because undoubtedly her ideas were good.

I talked to a woman who had been a co-editor with her husband of a monthly magazine, and she said there were serious drawbacks to working in the same office with her husband.

"You see, for years before I married I had been working on the magazine," she said. "I had worked up to be a useful and important member of the staff. Then I married the editor and something stranger happened. The people in the office no longer would give me credit for any hard work. I could sense a feeling floating around the office that I, being married to the boss, had everything soft. Now, understand me, this was all intangible and unspoken. Still it was discomfiting. And although they liked me, I am sure, and still thought I was all right, still they thought I didn't deserve any importance or credit.

"Another thing," she explained, "a married couple in an office constitute a sort of a clique, and a clique in business is always feared and hated by those inside and outside of it. Probably they thought we went home and compared notes and plotted changes. But, whatever it was, the drawbacks to working in my own husband's office were enough so that I gave up being an editor and took to making a living elsewhere."

I talked to the managing editor of a big newspaper. "You know everything," I said. "Do you think a wife should go to work in her husband's office?"

He said:

"We (men, I mean) like to have women around in an office as stenographers very much, and it is true that they are absolutely indispensable to us. And it would be impossible for us to carry on any sort of business without them. But we want them to be slaves."

"See?" he said, lowering his voice and indicating his secretary who was just out of earshot. "There is my private slave. She knows everything about me; she knows every mood, every impulse, every irritation. She spends her life trying to anticipate these and shield me from annoyance. She knows how much I drink, whom I flirt with, which of my children was naughty yesterday. When you came in just now I saw her glance at you and now she knows what you look like; also your name, address, and telephone number. They are engraved in her mind forever because she has an idea her knowing them might save me a thought some day. She is a wonderful woman!

"But," he went on, "as soon as a woman steps into a position of power in an office and becomes an equal to us, we resent it. I am sure there is such a thing as sex jealousy. She may be more capable than we, but that only makes us the madder. And usually there is a great deal of unrest in such an office. And if she oversteps her authority so much as an inch, we all spring up and give her a savage rebuff. Snap at her!"

"But I am sure that is because there is something objectionable or high-handed about her behavior as a business woman," I said.

"No, I don't think so. We are jealous of women when they try to be as important in our line as we are. We can't stand it."

BUT there is more to be said about the subject than that. There are many instances where a man goes to work in his wife's business. Like this: a woman in New York has built up a large business. She is a beauty specialist. She has an elegant shop on Fifth Avenue, employs many masseuses, barbers, hair experts, etc. She also manufactures and sells lotions, creams, rouges, and the hundred other things that make you beautiful. She married a stock broker. A year or so after their marriage, as her business was so much more profitable and unwieldy than his, he decided to go to work for her.

The woman who told me this was an old friend of the husband's. He found her a job in his wife's firm.

"I could have gone on working forever for Mme. Cerise," she told me, "but her husband was so officious and bossy I couldn't stand it for more than three months, in spite of the fact that he was an old friend of my family. You see, he was so afraid that the employees would think him simply a weak adjunct to his wife, he went out of his way to show his power and authority; had a finger in every pie. Gosh! How we hated him! And the funny thing is that before, as a stock broker, he had been quite a nice man."

And a story almost identical to this can be told of a New York woman who owns a fashionable dressmaking house. She married a handsome man who gave up an insignificant position to work for her. He also became so tyrannical to his wife's employees that they hated him to a man, and of course fretting and soreness among her employees made it much harder for the wife. She would be compelled to tell him to ease up a bit. And this and other subsequent difficulties brought about by the situation led to a divorce.

SO you see the situation is probably to blame rather than one sex or the other. As for what others think of the subject, here are a few miscellaneous opinions. A man in the rubber business said:

"I don't think any relatives should ever work for each other, and certainly not a wife for her husband. Everybody else in the office is jealous and thinks she is being favored. And also the husband will be so afraid of showing any favoritism that he will lean backward and won't show her as much as he shows others. Or very likely as much as she deserves."

A man who lives on his income and has an office only for the purpose of keeping track of his property said, "NO! A woman has no business in her husband's office, messing things up."

"But perhaps she doesn't mess things up. Perhaps she is very useful."

"No! Hang it all! She has no business in his office. It just spoils the other thing—the attractiveness of their relations as husband and wife. I don't like this family stuff displayed in public—Ma and Pa Ferguson and their children all campaigning for the governorship; La Follette and Mrs. La Follette and their children all campaigning. I don't like that. It's too inelegant—like taking off your collar on the train. No privacy."

A psychologist said, "It must be very sad for a man and his wife to have to see each other much during the day. Married people are condemned to each other's company far too much as it is."

Since all the men who were questioned on this subject thought it out of place for a woman to take an active part in her husband's business and since they all spoke with such heat—faces hardened, jaws set—I got the impression that all business men's wives are in the habit of hanging around the outer office, waiting for the door to open; then rushing in, firing four stenographers for wearing evening gowns, sending off three private secretaries matching off shades of beige charmeuse and then telling the old man when he is losing a thousand dollars a carload.

So I talked to some stenographers. But, for the most part, they said that the wives they had seen were gentle and unobtrusive women who visited the office about twice a year and then blushed a good deal and seemed on the whole very much flustered and anxious to get away.

Of course, a few admitted that they had seen some nuisances among wives in their day, and one or two regular Gorgons. It is only against the nuisances and Gorgons that this article is directed.

THE END

The Disorganized Bridge Party

He said, "Gosh, ain't it rich? Well, here goes!" He rolled around in the wool and bones.

Fourteenth Chapter of

TRUB'S DIARY

In Which the Lovable Bull Pup Succeeds in Disturbing the Social Atmosphere at Gray Gables

By JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

Picture by ROBERT L. DICKEY

MARCH 16. I'm just learning about rules. It's terrible. There's a rule about everything. You think of a nice way to pass the time, and there's a rule in the way. Flips has started saying, "Be yourself." She says it to everybody. A fine chance I've got to be myself. I'd break a million rules a minute.

I did break a rule today. It was on account of some cakes. It happened like this:

A lot of ladies come to see Aunt Caroline—fat ladies, and thin ladies, and middle-sized ladies. They all talked at the same time—very fast. It was nice. I liked it. I ran around barking.

Aunt Caroline called Saki. He came in. He took a cake from a dish on a table. He held it out to me. When I tried to take it he grabbed me by the collar. He dragged me to the front door. He put me outside. Stung!

I sniffed some trees. Then I played Dig the Hole Deep on the front lawn. The gardener came around the house. He called me names. He tried to hit me with a rake. I suppose there's a rule about just digging. I went away from there. I went a far ways. I was looking for Ginger. I didn't find him. I found some bones and pieces of wool and things in a field. It had been an animal once. Now it was dead. Very.

A dog came across the field. He was sniffing the air. He was a slinky dog with yellow eyes. When he saw me he started to run.

I ran after the slinky dog. He ran faster. I stopped running. He stopped running. I said, "Hello!"

The slinky dog didn't say anything. He kept looking at me with his yellow eyes. I started toward him. He started to run. I stopped. He stopped.

I said, "Is it a game?"

The slinky dog said, "I haven't done nothin' to you." I said, "Let's smell noses and then play."

The slinky dog said, "You let me alone." I ran at the slinky dog. He tried to run again. I caught him. He lay down on his back, with his feet in the air. He said, "Oh, please, Mister, please!"

I said, "Please what?" The slinky dog said, "Please, don't bite me, Mister."

I said, "Why should I bite you? Let's play some games." The slinky dog said, "On the level, you won't bite me?"

I said, "Only fun bites, maybe."

The slinky dog got upon his feet. He said, "It's a bet. Let's do our rolling first."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The teeth

are a great factor in beauty (when they are white and pretty) ~

Let Wrigley's be the guardian of your teeth and mouth ~ It will remove impurities and combat acid conditions.

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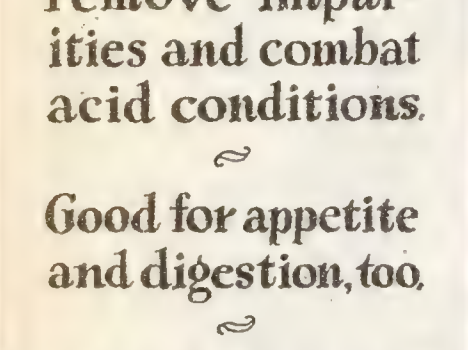

F47

"after every meal"

WRIGLEY'S

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

I said, "What rolling?"

The slinky dog said, "You know. Over there."

I said, "Over where?"

The slinky dog said, "Your beezer needs fixing. I made it clear from the road." He went over to the wool and bones. He took a big sniff. He said, "Gosh, ain't it rich? Well, here goes!" He rolled around in the wool and bones. He got up. He said, "I'll tell the cock-eyed world it's rich. Take a roll, Mister."

I said, "What for?"

The slinky dog said, "Say, you don't know nothin', do you? Take a sniff at me."

I did. It was wonderful!

The slinky dog said, "Got the idea? It'll stay with you for days."

I ROLLED in the wool and bones. Then I played with the slinky dog. We played Wrestle-Wrestle and Fun-bite the Throat.

The slinky dog began to pant. He said, "I'm all in. Let's freshen up before we beat it."

He rolled in the wool and bones. I rolled in the wool and bones. The slinky dog went away from there.

I wondered what to do next. I began to feel hungry. I thought of the cakes on the table where all the ladies were. I started for home.

I thought of the cakes all the way. They were yellow cakes with white tops. The more I thought, the hungrier I got. I wondered if there was any rule about the cakes. I thought it over. There was. *Never take anything from a plate until they put it on the floor.* Can you beat that one?

When I got home I barked at the front door. I don't scratch at the door any more — there's a rule about that. Saki opened the door. I went in in a quick way. I went to the drawing room, where the ladies were.

The ladies weren't talking so much as before. They were sitting at a lot of tables. They were picking up papers and laying them down again. The cakes were on a bigger table in the center of the room.

I stood at the door and looked at the cakes. They were in a big silver dish. Nothing could be done about them, on account of the rule. It was sickening.

An idea came to me. I thought, "There must be a kind lady among so many. I'll go in and look for a kind lady." I did.

There was a lady at a table not far from the cakes. She was a fat lady. I thought, "I'll try that one."

The ladies at the table where the fat lady was stopped putting down papers. A thin lady gave the fat lady a look. It was not a kind look. She said, "I discarded the nine of spades, partner; you must have known I was out."

I went over to the fat lady. I put my head in her lap. I rolled up my eyes at her.

The fat lady said, "Oh, look at this precious lamb put his head in my——"

I was surprised at what happened then. The fat lady stopped talking. She turned white. She put her handkerchief to her face. She got up from the table. She went away from there.

The thin lady said, "Well, what do you think of that? She lost a dozen tricks for us in one rubber, and when I just mentioned——" The thin lady stopped talking. She did just what the fat lady had done. So did the other ladies at the table. So did ladies at other tables. It was strange.

I went to the table where Aunt Caroline was sitting. All the ladies left the table in a quick way. Aunt Caroline said, "Merciful heavens!" She left the table in a quick way. She went out in the hall with the other ladies. Many of the ladies were coughing. I heard Aunt Caroline calling Saki between coughs.

I looked around the room for another kind lady. There were no ladies left in the room. I was afraid they'd taken the cakes with them. I looked. They hadn't.

I went over to the table where the cakes were. I stood on my hind legs and looked in the dish. I thought, "A kind lady might put it on the floor." But there were no kind ladies left—just chairs and tables and cakes and me. There were nine cakes in the dish. I broke the rule. I broke it nine times in a quick way.

SAKI came in. He dragged me out of the room. He dragged me out to the garage. The chauffeur was there.

Saki said, "I request much water from hose quickly—soap also."

The chauffeur said, "Listen, fella, you can't pull that stuff in here. You'll spatter every car in the——" The chauffeur stopped talking. He made coughing noises. He said, "Great jumping polecats!" He went away from there. Saki made the water come out of the hose. He held me under it. He rubbed me with soap. He held me under the hose. He rubbed me with more soap. He kept on doing it for hours and hours. He got soap in my mouth. He got soap in my eyes. I don't know anything so disgusting as soap.

I am shut up in the storeroom now. It's for breaking a rule, I suppose. It's too much, I claim. The soap was enough. If the ladies had wanted the cakes, why didn't they stay and eat them?

MARCH 17. The Molecule has given me another name. It's a long name. He calls me "Just a Sweet-Scented Nosegay from an Old-Fashioned Garden."

Another installment of Trub's chronicles will appear in an early issue.

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GLORIA SWANSON

Gloria Swanson *Tells What Kind of Story to Write for Her in Liberty's Greatest and Most Sensational Contest!*

$50,000 FOR AN IDEA

for a Story Suitable for Liberty and for a Motion Picture. Open to Everybody—Everywhere!

You Don't Have to Be a Writer to Compete. All That's Wanted Is a Story Idea!

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Two weeks ago Liberty announced that it would pay $50,000 in cash FOR AN IDEA for a story of love and action suitable for Liberty and for a motion picture—the winning story to be run serially in Liberty and to be produced as a Paramount picture by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

As an aid to those who enter the contest Liberty has arranged with leading screen stars, directors, and authors for a series of articles telling what kind of ideas make the best motion pictures and stories. The first of these articles, by Gloria Swanson, is presented here. It was written just before Miss Swanson was taken ill in Paris.

Be sure to read the rules printed at the right. No writing experience is necessary. You may submit your idea in a simple statement of the plot. Tell it in your own way.

By Gloria Swanson

the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray, one of the most phenomenally successful screen stars.

I WAS glad when I heard ('way over here in Paris, where this article is written) that Liberty had arranged a story-idea contest—open to *everybody*.

I have often thought how wonderful it would be if all the persons who have good stories to tell could be induced to tell them!

I don't know whether you have ever realized it or not, but the best stories come right out of life—your life, my life, the lives of all of us. I have often had friends tell me stories out of their own experiences which, if they could be put upon the screen, would prove enormously successful plays—more successful, perhaps, than any in which I have ever appeared.

Perhaps you know of some such story—your own, or a friend's. There are very few persons, indeed, whose lives do not contain an interesting story of some sort. Sometimes it is a love affair. Sometimes it is an adventure. Sometimes it is a mystery—a story without an end.

And so, if you were to ask me what kind of a story to write for Liberty's great contest, I would say: "Write your own story. Or write something from the life around you—something you know to be true." You do not need to use real names.

It is easier to be convincing when you are writing about real life. Two excellent examples of stories that might be true are given by Manhandled, shown some months ago, and Madame Sans-Gene, which I have just completed here in France.

In the former picture my role was that of a shop girl with ambitions—a girl who, in a perfectly logical manner, was raised from a department store basement to wear beautiful clothes on Fifth Avenue. The change in her character, caused by the change of environment, was shown gradually but most effectively.

Madame Sans-Gene seems, at first glance, to be a picture of an entirely different type. In reality, there is not much difference.

The New York shop girl is a Paris laundress in the time of Napoleon. She has the same innate qualities as Tessie in Manhandled—talent, ambition, and kindliness. And these qualities take her out of the laundry and make her the Duchess of Danzig.

People like stories which deal with characters and situations they are able to recognize. Don't be afraid to write of some true story you know.

Thomas Meighan *Paramount star, tells, in next week's Liberty, how to write the kind of story* HE *likes best. Mr. Meighan's article hits straight from the shoulder.*

DON'T MISS IT IN . . . . . *Next Week's Liberty*

The RULES

1. Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation are seeking an idea for a thrilling story of love and action suitable for Liberty and for a Motion Picture. IT MUST BE CLEAN.
Liberty will pay $50,000.00 in Cash to the person or persons who submit the best suggestion in accordance with these rules.

2. The winning suggestion will be written into a novel and will be printed as a serial in Liberty. By special arrangements already made, it will also be produced as a Motion Picture by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and will be presented on the screen throughout the world as a Paramount Picture.

3. *In addition* to the $50,000.00 which will be paid for the winning story, Liberty will buy for cash at standard publishing rates any other stories selected by Liberty from those submitted; offers to be made to the authors of such stories before publication.

4. What is wanted is AN IDEA. Ability to write fiction is NOT NECESSARY. Liberty wishes to give this opportunity to everyone regardless of ability as a writer. Therefore, the offer is divided into two parts as follows:
Part One provides that you may submit your idea in brief synopsis form. For this synopsis you may use 2,500 words *or less.* By "synopsis" we mean, tell in your language the main features of the plot and describe the leading characters which take part in it—the hero, the heroine, the villain, etc. *For the best synopsis $25,000.00 in cash will be paid.*
Part Two provides that you may submit your idea in complete story form (ready for publication). For the complete story another $25,000.00 in Cash will be paid.
Everyone who submits a synopsis will be eligible for a prize of $25,000.00.

5. The words "SYNOPSIS FOR $50,000.00 PRIZE STORY" must be written plainly at the top of each synopsis submitted. If the complete story is also submitted the words "COMPLETE STORY" must be written at the top of the first story sheet *and a synopsis properly marked must be attached thereto.* (A synopsis must in all cases be sent.)

6. The winning idea will be selected from the synopsis submitted and $25,000.00 (Part One) will be awarded for it. If the complete story shall have been sent with the synopsis that wins the prize and the complete story is acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty, another $25,000.00 (Part Two) will be paid for such complete story. If the story sent with the winning synopsis is not acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty or if no story shall have been sent with the winning synopsis, the Publishers of Liberty will employ an experienced author to write the complete story and will award to such author the $25,000.00 (Part Two).

7. Upon payment by the Publishers of Liberty of the $25,000.00 (Part One) for the synopsis and / or the $25,000.00 (Part Two) for the complete story, the synopsis and the story and all rights to each and both of every kind and nature whatsoever, including the copyright therein and the right to secure copyright therein in all countries, shall become the absolute property of Liberty for use in any manner or for any purpose it may deem proper. The right is reserved to alter or revise the winning entry if necessary.

8. Through the arrangements made by Liberty with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—the largest producers and distributors of Motion Pictures in the world—many of the most popular stars are available to produce your story on the screen as a Paramount Picture. Note these: Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan, Pola Negri, Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Betty Bronson, Ricardo Cortez, and many others. And in addition such world-famous directors as D. W. Griffith, James Cruze, Herbert Brenon, Allan Dwan, Sidney Olcott, Irvin Willat, William de Mille, and others.

9. Liberty will also endeavor to make arrangements with the prominent theatrical producers—Chas. Frohman, Inc.—for the production of the winning story for the speaking stage.
Liberty will also endeavor to arrange with book publishers for the publication of the story in book form.
All royalties or other income received by Liberty from such speaking stage rights or book publication rights will be paid to the author of the synopsis and the author of the story. If two persons, such sums will be divided equally and an equal half share will be paid to each.

10. The synopsis and story must be one of love and action and must be the original thought and work of the contestant. *It must be clean!*
You've been to the movies. You know the kind of story you would like. Submit your idea. There are no restrictions.
Helpful suggestions will be published each week in Liberty as an aid to those who may wish assistance.

11. The judges will consider synopses and stories by the nature of the plot, the originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, form of presentation and wording. Writing, English, and spelling will not count in judging synopses.

12. The Judges will be a Committee of three—one appointed by Liberty, another appointed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and the third an experienced author. Their decision on all matters will be final.

13. Contestants may submit as many synopses or as many stories as they wish, but each must be submitted in good faith. The name and address of the sender must be written plainly on each entry.

14. All entries must be addressed "Stories," care of Liberty, Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. To facilitate matters, ideas should be submitted AT ONCE! However, no entries will be received later than midnight, June 1st, 1925. Entries with insufficient postage will not be received. The publishers of Liberty will not be responsible for the loss, delay or nondelivery of entries.

15. This offer is open to everybody, everywhere, except employees of Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and their families. Acceptance of these rules is an express condition of each entry.

* * * * *

This offer is the largest of its kind ever made. It presents an opportunity to every person regardless of station in life. You do not have to be an experienced author to compete. Anyone may submit his or her ideas.
Because of the size and nature of the offer it is possible that the winner, in addition to receiving a huge cash prize, will become world-famous.
Ideas should be submitted at once. Do not wait! For further details watch Liberty from week to week. Helpful suggestions will be published weekly.

Small Thanks

By Frank Condon

Doctor Cheff hurled his niblick in the air and gave off a sound that was positively inhuman.

YOU could truthfully call Elmer McWhorter a newcomer at our country club, because he has been a member for only a year or two, whereas everybody else has belonged since the days when they played golf in whiskers and long pants and it was regarded as an effeminate pastime.

Dr. Clarence Cheff, otherwise Cud, our blasphemous surgeon, for example, has been pounding at the little ball for fifteen years. Our other surgical luminary, Dr. George Lorber, joined the San Jacinto Country Club even before Doc Cheff, and Henry Young, our revered vice president, became a golfer the day Balboa walked back to town from the beach with word that he had discovered the Pacific.

Elmer McWhorter, therefore, is a mere raw newcomer, and, as a matter of truth, would never have been a member of the select San Jacinto organization at all if it were not for the impulsive generosity of Doc Lorber, who bumped into Elmer one day on the public links at Griffith Park and was attracted to the lad. Elmer is in his low twenties and looks like a schoolboy. He contrives landscapes for a living, painting rocks, ravines, wind-swept desert, old prospectors with burros, cactus trees, and purple skies, and undoubtedly this is a refined way to earn board and lodging if a person can be satisfied with only a little food and a slight dash of lodging.

Elmer is small, wistful, shy, and painfully poor. His clothes are neat but shiny. He always gets his hair cut three weeks too late, but he is a likable chap, as we all discovered. He weighs one hundred and ten pounds after a meal and generally wears a startled air, but he can play golf. He hits them straight and he hits them clean, and it is a joy to watch him putt. He has had few cares until recently, but the spectre of his deplorable poverty has been always over him, chronic and incurable.

Undaunted, he follows his bent, convinced that he is an artist and that time will reveal it to a dumb and unappreciative world. Usually he manages to dispose of one or two pictures a year, and in good years three or four, the annual cash result being about enough to keep a small Eskimo in blubber.

IT was two years ago that Doc Lorber accidentally strayed into Griffith Park and played around the hard-baked course with its villainous sand greens, and there he encountered the mild-eyed Elmer, who had never played anywhere else. They rattled around the eighteen holes together, and George was fascinated with the kid's dexterity. It costs fifty cents a month to play at Griffith.

"How long have you been hitting them?" George inquired.

"A year or so," said Elmer.

"Ever played anywhere else?"

"No; just here at Griffith. I learned here."

"You're good," George continued, studying the boy, his frayed cap, disreputable bag, shiny clothes, and battered shoes. "Never played on a real golf course, eh?"

"No, sir," answered Elmer, a faint gleam in his eye.

Doc Lorber meditated and chased a benevolent thought about in his mind. His wife gives him thundering blazes every now and then for his golf extravagances.

"How would you like to belong to a golf club?" he queried. "For instance, San Jacinto?"

"Oh!" said Elmer. It was one of those "Oh's" that turns into a gasp. Griffith Park is not a bad course, though I know none worse. The ground is hard, unyielding, flinty, full of small stones, and repellent to the eye and the soul. The greens are tar and sand, mixed by an evil genius, instead of being what God intended greens to be. An ordinary golfer plays Griffith Park once, goes insane that night, and shoots his family.

Doctor Lorber subsequently confided to his business partner, Dr. Cud Cheff, that he had discovered a youthful wonder banging around the municipal course, and that it was a crime to leave him there. Without another word the surgeons chipped in, bought a membership at San Jacinto, which is one of the "A" clubs of Southern California, and informed Elmer McWhorter that his days on the city sand lot were over. The joy of the lad would bring tears to your eyes, and naturally he idolizes his two benefactors and friends, who are excellent surgeons, own their own hospital, play golf fairly well, and are noted for their original and picturesque profanity.

FROM the day he joined Elmer was a credit to the club, played on the scratch team, and comported himself like a gentleman. He moved to the neighborhood so that he could work on his landscapes in the morning and play golf in the afternoon, and his home was a rented room for which he paid twelve dollars a month.

When he drifted behind in his club dues a silent committee took care of the matter in secret, and Elmer never could discover who paid up for him, although it was not hard to guess.

Then there came announcement of important news. Mr. McWhorter sauntered into the clubhouse one Saturday at noon and

A Short Story of Sacrificial Goats and the Hand of Fate, Setting Forth Anew the Well-Known Truth That a Family Does Interfere with One's Golf

Pictures by GARRETT PRICE

They cussed Elmer freely, and inquiring golfers appeared from behind lockers, wondering what it was all about.

approached Cud Cheff, who was painfully wriggling himself out of his shirt.

"Doc," said Elmer, "something's happened that might interest you and George."

The shirt came off and Cud Cheff's rosy countenance appeared.

"What's on your mind, kid?" he inquired.

"I'm going to be married."

"You're going to be married?" Cud questioned. "On what?"

"On my future," said Elmer cheerfully. "Grace is a splendid girl, far too fine for me, but she's willing to marry me, and I'm a mighty lucky fellow."

"Lucky," snorted the surgical gentleman. "You're not lucky. You're crazy. What you need is a guardian."

He indignantly called for George Lorber to walk across the room and hear the incredible news. George sauntered over, trailing a sock.

"Listen to this, will you?" Cud continued. "The young squirt is going to be married. You," addressing Elmer again, "you can't keep yourself, so how the cock-eyed e pluribus unum are you going to keep a wife?"

"Work harder," replied Elmer.

Messrs. Cheff and Lorber, as has been stated, are noted for their peculiar and automatic profanity. They cussed Elmer freely, and inquiring golfers appeared from behind lockers, wondering what it was all about.

"Where you going to live?" demanded Lorber, when the explosion was ended.

"Right here in Alhambra," answered Elmer. "I can rent a little cottage for thirty dollars a month, and we'll be mighty happy. Grace is a sculptress."

"And while she sculps," growled Cheff, "you draw, and the both of you fast. You have a great future as a married man. Got any money at all?"

"Not much," Elmer admitted. "But we love each other dearly, and money is not the important thing when two people are perfectly attuned."

During the afternoon Cud and George discussed the incident in a serious way.

"He hasn't any more license to get married than a red-nosed chipmunk," George reflected, "but if he is bound to do it we can't stop him. What we can do is to make him and his unfortunate bride a few sensible wedding gifts."

"I met this girl once," Doctor Cheff stated. "She's a pretty little thing, but my good suffering apostles! Elmer is in no position to be married."

"Neither were we," grinned George.

The surgeons swore and jeered about it, but the wedding gifts came along in due time, and the wedding, too. San Jacinto members made an occasion of it and helped furnish the modest cottage which Elmer selected for his home. As though Fortune were smiling, the young painter disposed of two pictures in the first three weeks of his married bliss, but what he never knew was that the agent who bought them represented certain benevolent golf-playing persons who needed no pictures, had never before bought pictures, and who ordered the two masterpieces shipped north to Joe Betts in San Francisco, Joe being the proprietor of a shooting gallery on Market Street. His astonishment was profound when he opened the package.

II.

WE heard little about Elmer's married life, but he appeared to be getting on nicely. His golf game seemed to improve a bit, and he worked diligently each morning. Now and then he brought his bride to the clubhouse for dinner, and we approved of her thoroughly. She was quiet and retiring, smiled shyly at the gang, said little, and believed her husband to be a genius.

However, the kid's fatal poverty stuck to him, and matrimony solved none of his problems. His clothes continued to be respectable but plain. His golfing outfit consisted of a remarkable bag and half a dozen clubs whose history no one knew.

The bag was the eye arresting item. It was an astonishing receptacle that Elmer had made for himself out of sail cloth and gunnysacking, and it looked like no other golf bag in the civilized world. In the first place, being unstayed, it was limber. When let go of, it fell upon the floor in a dismal heap. It was unbeautiful to the eye, discolored, tacky, and dated back to the days at Griffith Park, but Elmer never complained about the bag or anything else.

With the approach of spring the greens committee announced the annual San Jacinto twosome, which is the one tournament of the year that arouses all the members. Everybody in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"This is a fine time to be having a baby."

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Recreation and refreshment go hand in hand—Wherever you want refreshment, Coca-Cola fills the need. Sold in 30 countries.

RE-FRESH YOURSELF / FIVE CENTS IS THE PRICE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

the club plunges into the annual twosome, and the prizes are invariably expensive and attractive. This year's event was expected to line up with those of previous seasons, and the boys began picking their partners as far back as last December. Dr. Cud Cheff naturally expected to play with Doc Lorber, because he has never played with anyone else. The two veterans, excellent golfers as they are, have never yet won a tournament, though they have come close to it.

The committee on prizes loosened up and outdid themselves, and while the minor prizes were tasteful, the two awards for the lucky winners caught our attention immediately — two very zippy golf bags. They were not ordinary club holders, such as you notice in the department store window with a fifteen dollar tag. These two were the boss golf bags of all time, and I have never seen anything just like them.

I have no means of knowing what the club paid for them, but it must have been some sinful sum. They were huge, decorated affairs, with royal hoods, which could be locked, and they were sprayed up and down with silver ornamentation. The burnished leather gleamed richly. Members of the club admitted that no such bags had ever before been seen at San Jacinto, and it was rumored that they had been especially imported from England.

ELMER McWHORTER spent most of his leisure time admiring and fondling them. His manner was one of mixed awe and admiration. He reminded me somewhat of an Italian peasant before a shrine, and we all knew that Elmer intended to win one of those bags or die in the attempt. Once I interrupted him.

"They're pretty nice, aren't they?" I remarked, meaning only to stir him up.

"Gosh," returned Elmer. "I should say so. I never saw such bags. Must have cost a heap."

"You'd look elegant carrying one of those," I continued, and Elmer's face lighted instantly.

"That's what I've been thinking," he said seriously. "Say—I'd give my left leg to win one of those bags, and I've got a fine chance, too. You know who my partner is, this year?"

"Who?"

"Davy Parker."

"You've got a chance," I admitted. Davy Parker is one of our steady golfers. He is a small man and his wrists are like a woman's, but he drives over two hundred yards every time, and he drives down the course and never off into the suburbs. Davy is a sweet shooter and no mistake.

Ten days before the opening of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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exists for the man who wishes to be his own boss and the owner of a permanent, ever-expanding, profitable merchandising service. It may start with $35 capital, or $1,000, but it cannot start without capital. The degree of success has no reasonable limit. It has attracted to it, and has today engaged in it, men who are conspicuous successes and of long and wide experience in merchandising, with capital abundant for all their requirements; and the other extreme of men and women with limited business experience and qualifications and very small capital.

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In one hour comes elimination of the poisons and waste in the system. The dark days become sunny. High spirits appear. You feel like a child.

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Try this tomorrow morning. Watch the brighter day. You will never again, when things look gloomy, go without Jad Salts. Every druggist has them for you.

Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc.
New York

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY]

the annual twosome, Elmer hurried into the club restaurant and joined Doctors Cheff and Lorber, who were toying with milk and cheese sandwiches before the afternoon joust. Elmer's face always looks astonished, but on this occasion there was an additional gleam of amazement in his eye. He tried to sit down casually with his friends, but he flopped into the chair, knocked the cracker dish to the floor, and his hands trembled.

"Say," he began, struggling to keep a casual note in his voice. "I've got some news."

"You always got some news," muttered Cud Cheff, through fragments of cheese and bread. "Maybe this time you sold another painting of a large rock."

"No," murmured Elmer, "that isn't it. The fact is, Doc, we're going to have a baby."

Cud Cheff tried to speak and choked on cheese.

"Who's going to have a baby?" demanded George Lorber, putting down his glass and glaring at Elmer.

I might pause here to mention that Messrs. Lorber and Cheff are the champion baby surgeons of California, are so recognized by the profession and have never lost a baby or a mother. Likewise, they detest babies, or they say they do. Listening to their bitter comments about babies, you would never trust one within four miles of either surgeon, and yet, mothers and fathers all over California demand Lorber and Cheff whenever a new baby decides to join the human race.

Their antipathy to babies is simply based upon the plain fact that most babies prefer to come into the world on Thursdays, Saturdays or Sundays, which are golf days, sacred only to golf. Doc Cheff can prove to any interested person, that nine babies in ten are born on Thursday afternoon, and of course, this infantile predilection is bad for his game.

"Who's going to have a baby?" Cheff asked, his disbelief showing in his red, genial countenance.

"We are," Elmer said proudly. "My wife is, and I'm worried about her."

"Suffering halitosis," said Doctor Cheff, leaning back in his chair, utterly astounded.

"You're joking," Doc Lorber said.

"I am not joking," Elmer protested. "I think it's going to be a boy."

DOCTOR CHEFF bolted the remainder of his sandwich and scowled at Elmer, as though the lad had confessed to burning down the First Methodist Church.

"Well," he said slowly, "this is the absolute limit. Of all the things in the world that you don't need, you most don't need an offspring, you helpless little shad. First, you start out by not being able to support yourself, drawing rocks; so, to relieve that situation, you get yourself married. Finding yourself totally unable to support a wife, you are now solving the entire business by having another addition to the family, which I call marvelous and intelligent effort. Do you faintly realize how much it costs to raise a baby?"

"I don't know anything about it," Elmer said indignantly, "but I don't think this is a nice way to discuss my future son."

"Does your wife know anything about babies?" roared Doctor Lorber, who seemed to be taking the news as a personal affront.

"She don't now, but she probably will later on," Elmer answered, convinced that he had made a mistake telling the news to such caloused and unfeeling persons.

"When do you expect this enrichment?" demanded Cud, in the tone of a county prosecutor, asking the witness why he had shot his father.

"Right away," Elmer said. "Of course, I can't say definitely, but it's pretty soon."

THE surgeons gazed at each other and at Mr. McWhorter. The thought came to them that here was a young husband who was in no financial state to pay doctor and nurse bills. What he needed was practical help. They swore and growled for a while.

"All right," George said. "You're a nice boy, Elmer, though you haven't any more sense than a mountain goat. You've got a nice little wife and it's of her mainly that we are thinking. Get her ready to go into town and tell her she's going to our hospital and we'll take care of her. Your first baby, Elmer, is going to be on us."

And so it came to pass that Elmer's little wife, within the week, rode into town in Doc Cheff's green limousine. She was borne to the big white hospital on Mission Street and given a lovely blue room with a white ceiling, about which cherubs frittered away their time. Everything that money could buy was placed at her disposal.

Elmer devoted his entire time to worrying. He was admitted to the hospital for a short visit each morning, to make sure that his precious wife was being properly cared for. The doctors pronounced him a nuisance, because he persisted in bombarding them with questions concerning a subject about which he knew nothing, and which was their specialty.

Were they sure Grace was all right? Was she going to die? How did they know she wasn't going to die? Was there any danger of his son dying? How long before he could take his wife and son home?

And so forth, until Cud and George eventually chased Elmer off the hospital grounds and warned him that if he persisted, he would drive his wife into a nervous state, which would be bad for the coming son. Temporarily, Elmer's art was forgotten. He devoted his mornings to the hospital and his afternoons to golf, coming to town again each evening to fret the nurses.

Meanwhile, the San Jacinto annual twosome began and the course was crowded each day with eager contestants. Elmer and Davy Parker uncorked some high class golf and their early engagements were one-sided and scarcely to be called contests. They whaled the ball straight and they putted clean and true, which is all there is to golf in any land.

Coming up in the adjoining brackets was another good team, to which nobody paid much attention at the time. It consisted of Doc Lorber and Doc Cheff, who had never hung any medals upon themselves before. They played surprisingly good golf, and the club members stood back and watched the surgical experts with keen interest. Elmer complained that surgeons ought to spend their time in their hospital, instead of playing golf, but they drove him away with profanity.

"We never yet won a tournament," Cud announced on Thursday, "but here's one little tournament that we have got by the ears. We're going to win this one and nobody can stop us. If that flat-headed partner of mine can avoid blowing up for the rest of the week, this thing is on ice."

The flat-headed partner, of course, was George Lorber, whose game had suddenly become extra steady.

"You don't want to bet any money you win, do you?" inquired Bill Boyd, whose motto is that a day without a bet of some kind is a day wasted.

"With the proper odds, certainly," replied Cheff and there began a series of wagers. Cud and George are natural gamblers and their confidence in themselves is astounding. On Friday afternoon, after having polished off another twosome, Doctor Lorber figured up on paper.

"Cud," he said, "we stand to make some money. If we win tomorrow, this club will be sleeping in the gutter. We've got practically all of them hooked for something."

"Yes," growled his partner, "and if you can keep your head down another day, we'll win."

"Who won for us today?" demanded George, and then began one of the famous debates.

DURING the tournament Elmer played excellent golf, in spite of his family worries, and Davy Parker seemed to be at the top of his game and getting better. As the week wore, two important facts seemed to stand out before Elmer. He was to win a wonderful golf bag for himself and another for Davy. Second, his young son would arrive about the same time as the golf bag. It was this latter uncertainty which caused him the greatest distress, though the surgeons seemed unruffled. They played their game steadily, but at intervals Elmer cornered them.

"You oughtn't to be out here playing golf," he said desperately, ignoring the fact that the two surgeons had been bringing babies into the world for many years. "How do you know it's all right with Grace?"

"How do we know?" snorted Cud, his mind on that day's score. "Listen, kid. Keep calm and all will be well."

"Yes," persisted Elmer, "but I wouldn't like to have this event happen, and you two birds out here playing in a tournament. This is im-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Who's All Right?"

"YOU ARE, if you'll just believe it," says Heywood Broun, noted New York critic. "And the world will believe it, too, if you say so long enough and loud enough." All those aspiring to success should read what he says about tooting one's own horn in

Who's All Right

in Next Week's Liberty

The Old Fashioned Radio Set Has Given Way to the Self Contained Receiver

Now you can enjoy Radio all summer!

Indoors - Outdoors - Anywhere

The radio set with outside aerial and separate loud-speaker is disappearing—following the way of the early phonograph with its awkward "horn." In its place has come the complete unit, requiring no outside wires or connections, containing everything necessary to efficient radio reception.

Such a set is the 1925 Operadio, a powerful receiver that has taken the country by storm. It has six tubes, a remarkable loud-speaker, big battery supply and all parts enclosed in a compact carrying case. The aerial is in the cover.

Think of it! Nothing but a smart-looking case carried easily anywhere, opened and tuned in less than a minute!

The 1925 Operadio is not to be confused with the ordinary so-called "portable" set. It has far longer battery life, it is more efficient, because three years of concentrated effort by nationally known engineers are back of it.

Its performance is comparable in range, selectivity, ease of tuning and tonal qualities with that of any set on the market. It is ideal for home use and the only truly satisfatory set for summer use—giving splendid performance and enabling you to enjoy radio indoors—outdoors—anywhere.

Close it Up—Take it With You

Mail the coupon below for a booklet telling about this marvel of radio, which is amazing and delighting thousands of people everywhere.

Price Complete With Tubes and Batteries $189.00 East of Rockies

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THE ORIGINAL SELF-CONTAINED RECEIVER

Mail this Coupon

THE OPERADIO CORP.,
8 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me complete particulars about the 1925 Operadio.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

portant. I should think you'd want to be in there where Grace is."

"Your baby will be here about Monday or Tuesday of next week," George informed him soothingly. "And we'll be right there, so you just stop fretting about it."

Elmer said no more at the time, but he did not stop worrying. He fumed and fussed more than ever and Friday afternoon he and Davy Parker narrowly escaped defeat. They barely nosed out a couple of none-too-expert opponents, and Davy noticed that something had happened to Elmer's game.

"You go home early tonight and get a good sleep," Davy advised, shrewd in the ways of the game. "We're in for a battle tomorrow, whoever it is. You putted today like a woolly sheep, and if it wasn't for me, we'd be clean out of it."

"All right, Davy," Elmer answered. "I'll be feeling fine tomorrow. We'll just stroll through the finals."

Elmer walked toward the clubhouse, his ancient and decrepit bag dangling from his shoulder, and paused momentarily before the score sheets at the caddy house that told the week's story. An official was posting results and as he looked, Elmer became aware of impending disaster.

THE blue of his sky suddenly filled with clouds. His so-far triumphant golf tournament crumbled under his feet, for there, staring him in the face, were the names of the two gentlemen whom he and Davy would play on the morrow in the final contest, winners thereof to take the lordly golf bags. And the names were Clarence Cheff and George Lorber, who had battered their way brilliantly into the finals, a thing utterly unforeseen and unexpected.

"My good gosh!" Elmer muttered. "I never thought they'd win today."

He continued moodily on into the clubhouse, where the wondrous golf bags reposed on the prize tables, and there he stopped to reflect. He knew that he and Davy Parker would whip the surgeons, as everybody else in the club knew it. The doctors were good golfers, but he and Davy were better. He meditated, filled with melancholy, standing before the prizes. He wanted one of those bags like he had never wanted anything before. To buy, with money, such a bag, was outside of his world. And yet another fact was quite plain to Elmer. Never, no, never, could he stand up and defeat the two men who had befriended him. As they had said, they had never before won a tournament, and now they stood to win, with no one between them and victory but Elmer McWhorter and his partner Davy.

Elmer thought of the money the surgeons had wagered upon their own triumph, and standing before the heroic bags, he made a resolution. Doctors Cheff and Lorber *would* win the tournament. He, Elmer, would repay his good friends in a small way, and by sacrificing himself upon the altar of loyalty, he would, at least to some extent, even things. They had been good to him, and he would now be good to them. No matter how fine a game Davy Parker played on the morrow, he could not alone defeat the surgical contenders. Having clearly made up his mind what he would do, Elmer went home, rather sadly, taking a long, last, lingering look at the bag.

III.

EARLY Saturday morning, Elmer appeared at the hospital as usual, asked the usual questions, fretted the nurses frantic, cross-examined Cheff and Lorber, visited his young wife and then wandered uneasily about the halls until run off the premises, with the assurance that his son would probably start business on Monday or Tuesday.

Davy Parker appeared, bright-eyed and confident, at an early hour, his special caddy tagging behind him, and shortly after noon Elmer walked through the club house, a grim look upon his face. Cheff and Lorber drew up in the green limousine at one o'clock, changed into golf togs, added a few bets that they would wipe up the Parker-McWhorter team,' and walked out to the first tee, where a fair crowd had gathered to behold championship play.

Elmer slung his unhappy bag over his shoulder and prepared to play a bad game of golf, not so flagrantly bad that his purpose could be detected by the sharp-eyed Davy, but just rancid enough to let the operating surgeons win. On account of conditions, Elmer had never used caddies and nobody criticized him. Cheff and Lorber led off. Four intelligent drives entertained the crowd and the final effort in this year's San Jacinto annual twosome got under way with an interested group following—a gallery which had considerable financial interest in the outcome.

On the first, Elmer was hole-high and on the green with his second shot. The usually reliable Davy had slithered into a trap and was scarifying the calm air with bad words. Both medical shooters were short, and it was Elmer's hole, and one up for his side, if he chose to take it with a four. Instead, he took three putts. The hole was squared, the doctors and Davy getting down in fives.

"Would you mind telling me what ails you?" Davy grunted. "Why the three rotten putts?"

"Davy," Elmer answered. "I'm worried sick. My wife's downtown in the hospital and we've got a baby coming and I can't keep my mind off it."

"This is a fine time to be having

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

a baby," snorted Davy, himself the father of four. "Couldn't you fix to have your babies when there's no tournament on? You miss any more putts like that last one, and your child will be an orphan."

The eminent doctors won Number Two legitimately and without help from Elmer. Again, on Number Three, Davy Parker blundered an iron shot and landed behind a live oak tree, stymied perfectly, and the sounds coming from the woodland were sounds of anguish. Elmer might have halved the hole, but he lost it with a sickly approach that squirted off the far side of the green into the sand, instead of stopping dead, as Elmer's shots usually do.

"You diversified and multitudinous bum," said Davy, when the grinning medicos had picked up their balls and started for Number Four tee. "You and your domestic affairs are just about going to ruin us."

"I'm worried, Davy," Elmer said in a stony voice, faithful to his trust.

THUS went the match. I suppose Doctors Lorber and Cheff have never had as lovely a time on a golf course as they had that Saturday afternoon. They romped ahead steadily. They dragged Davy and Elmer at their chariot wheels, with Davy suffering horribly, and Elmer stoic. They made sarcastic or humorous comment for the benefit of the gallery. They gave malicious advice, chuckling contentedly, and steadily they increased their lead. It was a walkaway, a set-up, a jolly knock-over.

At the eleventh hole the surgeons were five up, with seven to play, and Davy Parker was two degrees wilder than the adventurer who put Borneo on the map. His face was red with bitter rage and his own game had gone to tatters. When Davy blows up, he blows up everywhere at once. Elmer played on silently, moodily, and poorly, a sacrificial goat, doing his best to give his benefactors a day of victory upon a silver plate. The gallery, too, by this time, was sarcastic, pained, and dumfounded, because plenty of money was being burned up in the holocaust.

The four finalists stepped upon the fourteenth tee, with the game virtually over and won except for miracles, and miracles never happen. Lorber and Cheff were still five to the good and there were now five holes to play, the odds being three million to one that their opponents would fail to win the next five and drag the championship into extra holes.

A long, deep, dry, and rugged wash, or river bed, faces the driver off the fourteenth tee at San Jacinto. The surgeons drove clean and far, landing upon the fairway beyond disaster. Davy Parker likewise cleared the hazard, but the silent Elmer sliced a long, high shot, his ball dropping squarely into the middle of the rocks and sand, and with that the match was all but over.

Davy permitted himself the luxury of a final moan. Elmer descended into the dry river with his mashie and temporarily disappeared from sight behind the high banks, while the other players crossed the bridge and the doctors prepared to end the thing up. Doctor Lorber ostentatiously shook hands with Doctor Cheff and slapped him upon the back.

Then the hand of Fate suddenly laid clammy fingers upon the four players. There was a faint, distant noise, which grew rapidly louder and louder, causing the gallery to look up with inquiring eyes. Doctors Lorber and Cheff likewise heard it and turned their faces toward the narrow, winding road that skitters through the course.

It was the sound of a bell, a loud, vociferous, determined, and contemptuous bell. In fact, it was an ambulance gong and it was attached to a white, lurching ambulance that now came plunging along down the field.

"Now what?" Cheff demanded, pausing where he stood, his club dangling over his ball.

"Why," answered George, looking with astonishment, "it's ours!"

IT was. It was the official vehicle of mercy from the Lorber-Cheff Hospital, and as it raced along its metal voice notified all and sundry that something was wrong. It pulled up with a squeal of brakes and stopped thirty feet from where Doc Cheff was preparing to lift one onto the green with his niblick. Two frantic and very hurried young gentlemen in white uniforms rushed over.

"Not a minute to be lost, doctor," one of the men said. "Miss Higgins says you're to come in immediately."

"Come where?" George demanded.

"The hospital. Miss Higgins is alarmed."

"What about?" queried Cud.

"Mrs. McWhorter's temperature is going up fast. Something has happened—may have to operate—the baby's coming ahead of time."

"You go back," Cud roared. "You go back and tell her——"

"Wait a minute," said George, always the calmer man in emergency. He spoke rapidly to his ambulance man, asked a question or two, and then threw his mashie to the ground with the air of a Napoleon hearing the first returns from Waterloo.

"Come on, Cud," he said quietly. "There's nothing to it. We've got to go."

"Now!" Cud bellowed. "With this match sewed up, and this the first blinkety, double-blinked tournament we ever win!"

"There's no sense arguing about it," George repeated. "We've got to go. As Elmer feared, his son is a trifle ahead of the schedule, so why stand there and howl about it?"

Doctor Cheff hurled his niblick high in the air and gave off a sound that was positively inhuman. The driver rapidly turned his ambulance about, pointing the nose south and preparing for a quick start.

"Licked by Chinese labor," Cud grunted, snatching his sweater from a caddy. "I hope if that sucker ever has another child it turns out to be a Zulu."

GEORGE and Cud, answering the call of duty, climbed aboard the ambulance, golf clothes and all. There was no time for change. The bell clanged again, and the astonished gallery watched the gladiators depart from the field at the moment of triumph, and wondered, because in a golf contest if you go and leave your contest unfinished you make a present of victory to the other side.

Two instants later Elmer McWhorter climbed up a bank out of the dry river bed in time to see the ambulance departing toward town at a rate of speed afterward estimated to be forty-six miles per hour. Elmer stared.

"Whassa matter?" he asked Davy.

"I dunno," said Davy.

"Where they gone? They—they didn't quit, did they?"

"They did," shouted Henry Long in a joyous voice, Henry having sixty dollars on the Parker-McWhorter team. "You win, by default."

"Why—why——?" asked Elmer, looking dumbly about him.

"Well," chuckled Henry, "as near as I can figure it you ain't a father this minute, but you will be in half an hour."

"My good gosh!" gulped Elmer. "That's it. I knew it. Why didn't they wait for me?"

"It's just as well you ain't near, where they can talk to you," replied Henry. "Pick up your marbles. The game is over."

That is why you will see Elmer McWhorter playing golf these days accompanied by a golf bag that apparently belongs to the King of England. He tried to give the thing to Doc Cheff, but the doc almost bit his head off.

I might add that Elmer's young son slipped quietly into the world that same Saturday evening and there was no trouble of any kind, thanks to the wizardry of Cheff and Lorber, who have yet to lose their first baby or win their first tournament. Subsequently there was a jolly little ceremony at which Elmer's young son was christened—Mary Ellen McWhorter.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago

Not a Bad Idea

Little Kathryn's father is a barber. Consequently, when Kathryn crawls out of the chair she pays for her haircut with a kiss.

Aunt Hattie, a friend of the family, stopped at the shop to talk to Kathryn and told her she guessed she'd have her hair cut. To her surprise the little lady was thoroughly modern and, though Aunt Hattie is sixty-five, she thought it just the thing. Hoping to change the child's mind she finally said:

"Well, I guess I can't have it done tonight, I haven't any money."

That was no problem. Lifting her big brown eyes she demanded: "Well, can't you kiss daddy?"—Mrs. J. D. M., New Weston, O.

She Obeyed Orders

Little Mary had been talkative and noisy and her father commanded:

"Now you sit on that chair and say nothing for a half hour."

She calmly perched herself on the chair and began solemnly to repeat, "Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing——"—G. E., St. Paul, Minn.

He Knew Who Was Boss

The family were all seated at the dinner table, and it happened that the potatoes were not seasoned right.

Freddie said: "There's no salt on the potatoes."

"Who do you think you are, papa?" asked Leonard.—V. B. L., Indianapolis, Ind.

She Is a Diplomat

Margaret likes to come to our house to spend the night and we like to have her. However, her parents, fearing that it may not always be convenient, have forbidden her to ask to come. The other day I happened to be walking with Margaret, and the following conversation took place:

"Miss Edith, did you ever make a wish on the first star?"

"Why, yes, dear. Have you?"

"Indeed I have. Every night I say 'Star bright, star light, very first star I've seen tonight. I wish Miss Edith will soon ask me up again to stay all night.'"

It is needless to say that Miss Edith did.—E. S., Washington, D. C.

$500 for Last Lines to Limericks—See Page 36

Cullen Landis and Dorothy Devore in The Broadway Butterfly.

The BROADWAY BUTTERFLY

A Motion Picture Review by ALVA TAYLOR

THE BROADWAY BUTTERFLY is saved from mediocrity by an entertaining plot, and a novel twist in the final reel.

Not that there is anything in the picture which will cause the champions of moving pictures to jump up and shout aloud that here is one of the pictures which will prove the movies are a great art. The Broadway Butterfly is not a milestone on the road to bigger and better things in the movies. But for regular motion picture fans this kind of picture will serve the purpose of entertainment.

The beginning of this picture consists mainly of the old stuff of Broadway parties, a generous display of shapely chorus girls, backstage with the chorus girls, and all that. But if you get through this without being discouraged, you'll find yourself getting interested in the story, old as is most of the material.

Dorothy Devore, who is a refreshing young woman, with large and expressive eyes and a talent for comedy, plays Irene, the Broadway butterfly who left a cozy home in the country to experiment with a histrionic career.

Irene has no difficulty in getting a place in the first row of a chorus. She also has no difficulty in securing the admiration of the "Three Musketeers" of the Great White Way, three rich young men of idling tendencies and thick bank rolls, who spend most of their time meeting the chorus girls at the stage door.

Donald Steel, played by Cullen Landis, is the young man for whom Irene's heart beats romantically. But Irene won't speak to him backstage until she has had a formal introduction from the stage manager. That's the kind of girl Irene is.

Cookie Dale, also a chorus girl, played by Louise Fazenda, befriends the country girl, and takes her to live in her flat. Cookie is dismissed from the chorus the same day that Irene is hired, because she won't be sufficiently friendly with Crane Wilder, one of the idlers, played by John Roche.

Cookie objects to the growing friendship between Irene and Donald. Cookie for some mysterious reason, which is explained at the end, keeps out of Donald's sight. Irene sees no reason for spurning Donald's honest and well-meaning attentions. But Cookie doesn't think much of his reputation, and so she dashes Irene's picture of him to the floor, and grinds it under her heel.

Irene then goes to live with Thelma Perry, a third chorus girl, who isn't as particular about formal introductions as Irene. She plots with Crane Wilder, who wants Irene for his own in a less gallant mood than does Donald. Irene, the innocent, is placed in a false position one night in a Greenwich Village studio. Donald, knowing she is there, sees Crane using a latchkey to get in, and thinks his idol shattered. Irene, then, is like all the rest.

Irene, finding herself dismissed from Donald's heart, in a fit of misery decides to be the girl that Donald thinks her, and goes with Cookie to a magnificent home in the suburbs, where she expects to find perdition.

Instead she finds a home which Cookie ran away from to go on the stage, and also Cookie's brother, who has come home to settle down after a checkered career on Broadway.

And if you can't guess who Cookie's brother is you'll have to go back to school and learn the A B C's of movies all over again.

Louise Fazenda looks different with a fuzzy bob. Louise is a good comedian, and all-round actress, and does a good bit to make this picture entertaining.

Willard Louis, Warner Brothers' fat man, is the third Broadway musketeer, Charley Gay, who finds that in many cases his large bank balance makes up in large part for his lack of heroic beauty.

THE BROADWAY BUTTERFLY

Story by Pearl Keating
Directed by William Beaudine
Produced by Warner Bros.

THE CAST:

Irene Astaire	*Dorothy Devore*
Crane Wilder	*John Roche*
Cookie Dale	*Louise Fazenda*
Donald Steel	*Cullen Landis*
Thelma Perry	*Lilyan Tashman*
Charley Gay	*Willard Louis*
Stage Manager	*Wilfred Lucas*

Next Week: THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

PRODUCED BY FOX

FOUR ARISTOCRATS OF THE SHADOW PLAYS

A PRINCELY SORT OF CHAP is Norman Kerry (above), being the possessor of a royal swagger and an aristocratic and foreign-looking mustache. He can shoot, ride, fence, swim, box, and act. Try and get him away from Universal. His next big picture is their tremendous production, The Phantom of the Opera. Milady Helene Chadwick (below) has outgrown flapper parts and may now be seen in the film version of that modern and interesting novel, The Dark Swan.

Edwin Bower Hesser, Photos

THE MOST SYMPATHETIC FACE on the screen, is what they call Monte Blue's pleasant countenance. Monte is seen with Helene Chadwick in The Dark Swan, which Warner Brothers have produced.

HAIL TO THE QUEEN! Leatrice Joy, who has been enormously occupied with the ushering into the world of a certain Miss Joy, returns to the screen in the Paramount production of A Dressmaker from Paris. In this picture Leatrice sports a brand new bob with an engaging frontal curtain which is certain to be copied by the flappers before the year is out.

Captions by
ALVA TAYLOR

Who Can Solve This Baffling Mystery?

GET out your rubber heels and magnifying glasses, folks, and observe the coupon on the right.

Seth Summerdew, the town marshal, says (says he!) if Cy ain't found 'fore train time, he's goin' t' run th' whole danged show t' th' calaboose, b'Crackey!

We're much afraid there's dirty work afoot! So, Attention, Sleuths and Puzzle Solvers! Here we go again . . .

Liberty's Big Limerick Contest

$500 a Week in Cash Prizes

Cy started, one fine circus day.
Resolved no admission to pay.
He crawled under the tent,
No one knew where he went

. . . . . .

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to—

LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty,*
P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

MY NAME IS.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

(Issue of March 21)

$500 A WEEK *for* LIMERICKS

Liberty's Record-Breaking Contest---

Open to Everybody, Everywhere—Now in Its Twenty-third Week, and Still Going Stronger Than Ever

For the five best lines submitted to complete the Limerick in the coupon above (explaining what happened after Cy disappeared in the circus tent) Liberty will pay the following big cash

PRIZES:

First Prize---$250 Third Prize--$ 75
Second Prize- 100 Fourth Prize- 50
Fifth Prize------$25

Send in as many last lines as you please. Every member of the family can compete. There's only one thing to remember: a Limerick is a jingle in which the *last* line rhymes with the first two.

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. Neatness counts. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50; and fifth, $25.

All Last Lines for *This Week's* Contest Must Reach Us Not Later Than *Midnight, MARCH 28*

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

who share in the prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of February 21. The Limerick read as follows:

A rich banker who'd gained too much weight
Thought some boxing would simply be great,
But the boxer slammed in,
Hit his tummy and chin

. . . . . .

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

Though a banker his "check" was too late.

Written by DAVID S. DOW, 13 Whitney Street, Saugus, Mass.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

Said the banker, "I'm sure losing—wait!"

Written by HAROLD J. DANGLER, 1072 Monroe Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

"Oh, Min!" cried the banker, irate.

Written by J. N. BRYAN, Jr., Tampa Hardware Co., Tampa, Fla.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

In his bank he lost interest, that date.

Written by M. M. REYNOLDS, 4440 W. 29th Street, Denver, Colo.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

And I h8 to rel8 his sad f8.

Written by J. LITTLETON DAWSON, 132 Morgantown Street, Uniontown, Pa.

Five hundred strong men held their breath as Murphy and his pals explored the great man for trouble.

TOUGH

By WALTER DAVENPORT

A Lively Tale of What Fate and an Empty Bottle Did for a Bold, Bad Gangster Who Wanted to Grow Up

Pictures by DUDLEY G. SUMMERS

NOVEMBER'S treacherous breeze frisked westward on Grand Street, committing lese majesty at Pitt Street by buffing Rocco Gianoli squarely in the face and making off with his strictly imported cap.

The breeze abandoned the great man's head-dress almost immediately, letting it flop into the street. Ordinarily it might have carried Mr. Gianoli's curse with it, for he was not given to taking such liberties lightly, even from Nature. But this was one of his good days; Nature had been kind to him for a month and it was Rocco's boast that he always met a guy half way.

From the doorway of a cigar store came Heels Sprung to retrieve the desecrated cap. Heels was chestless, chinless, and rather aimless, but never hopeless. Some day, some day the world would know him. The day would come when Paddy Brady's Tuscaroras—the strong-arm squad from police headquarters—would apprehensively shake their heads when anyone asked what Heels Sprung was doing or where he was. He was only sixteen, you know.

He saw Rocco Gianoli's cap flip into the air and he knew Rocco—by sight. Often he had spoken to Mr. Gianoli as one speaks to the king—with almost genuflecting deference.

From Mr. Gianoli, Heels had never received nor did he expect a return salutation. It is enough that one may be on the same acre with royalty.

Reverently brushing the common dust of the lower East Side from the Gianoli crown, Heels handed it to its owner, who, as any successful monarch can, recognized true humility when he saw it.

"T'anks, kid." The president and treasurer

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of the Tube Rose Social Club was large and gracious of manner.

"Mention it, Mr. Gianoli," mumbled Heels, stepping back respectfully and bowing beneath the tolerance of the mighty one.

"Have a swell time on me, kid." Mr. Gianoli handed Heels a ticket.

Heels Sprung remained silently awed until the mighty Rocco Gianoli vanished in Grand Street's crowds and then he scurried down Pitt, reading the card:

Thursd'y Evening Nov'r Twenty-four.
Grand Annual Mask and Civic Ball.
Tube Rose Social Club.
R. Gianoli, Pres't. R. Gianoli, Treas'r.
Prof. Eddy Gold's Manhattan Orchestra.
Prof. E. Lambassite and his Full Band.
Admission, Gent and One Lady including Wardrobe, One Dollar.
Extra Lady Twenty Five Cents.
R. Gianoli, Chmn.

It is on the records that in the ten days between the above incident and the night of the ball, a demure telephone operator entered the sacred precincts of sung heroes by remaining at her switchboard while a factory burned about her. The President of the United States pinned the Congressional Medal of Honor on a fearless soldier. An unidentified man gave his life in saving three little children from death in the ocean. Two Boy Scouts went to the hospital to fight vainly for their lives after stopping a runaway horse in the park.

Proud were they in their honors, yet modest and meek; but not prouder nor more humble than Heels Sprung in his new glory. Merely to go to Rocco Gianoli's ball was little; anyone paying the dollar might participate in the revelry. But to be invited by the great man himself—the president of the Tube Rose Social Club, the boss of the Gee Gee Mob, a gang which had its representatives in the most famous of prisons and from which occupants of the electric chair had gone!

ONE had to be tough to be on the police books as a Gee Gee. And here was Heels, bidden to Gianoli's own racket by Gianoli himself. Please withhold that scoff, you respectables. What would you do, say, were the king to bid you to dance with him at Windsor?

The women of Heels' dreams didn't know him. He might go to the ball escorting so innocent a skirt as Rose, the colorless daughter of Heimack, the dock watchman. He would have no trouble enticing Meta Cohn to be his lady. Julia would go, although her parents might not approve, and Gerda would leap heavily at the chance.

But who were these girls? Why, just girls—nobodies. Nice enough; that was the trouble. Just nice. What would they do or say if, for example, Bird's Eye Mabel, Rocco Gianoli's skirt, were to address them? Why, they'd merely giggle and, later, talk brazenly about her red lips and her lustrous, drugged eyes. But Mabel was a somebody. She was the sort to tote a gun for her man.

No, better to go stag—alone—than to be handicapped with any of these humdrum janes who not only lacked reverence for the mighty but spoke shamefully of the gangsters and their women. So Heels went alone.

At the entrance to Berg's Casino stood four of Paddy Brady's Tuscaroras frisking the male guests as they entered. The evening was young and only the inconsequentials had arrived. Heels mingled importantly with the crowd of chauffeurs, policemen, and other rough boys that populated the curb. At ten o'clock the first of the celebrities appeared — the Skidding Kid, with a lady on each muscular arm.

The Kid was magnificent. Tightly dressed in a form-fitting dinner jacket, patent leather pumps as light as paper, proper trousers which clung like a circus performer's tights, and a lustrous derby hat cocked upon heavy hair as black and shiny as his shoes, he handed the ladies from the taxi and mounted the stoop with the grace of a ballet dancer.

AT the door of Berg's Casino the first detective smacked the Kid on the pockets and patted his trim hips. The Kid was a welterweight. The Tuscarora was a heavy and his hand was proportionately solid. Dexterously the Kid was twirled around and the second strong-arm clapped him vigorously on the ribs and with the same motion sent the edge of his hands to the Kid's armpits. The Kid was clean. Not a piece of hardware on his pristine person.

A shove sent him indoors to rejoin his disdainful ladies. His smile had not deserted him.

"Cheest, Moiphy," he said in nicely modulated voice, "ift I'da had anything you'd 'a' busted it. Happy days."

"Don't worry about the Beaver, kid," said the girl. "But

Heels Sprung watched half hypnotized. His poor hands played together aimlessly at his belt. His slack jaw was at ease, revealing rabbit teeth. He wondered if any stranger in the crowd knew that *he* was a friend of the great Gianoli; that *he, too,* would presently mount those steps and be frisked. Heels resolved to wait until Gianoli himself appeared. Then, as the crowd gaped, he, Heels Sprung, would go in. The crowd would wonder who *he* was. Let them keep on wondering; one day they would all know.

Gianoli arrived at eleven with the gorgeous Bird's Eye Mabel on one arm and another lady, Mabel's cousin from Chicago, on the other. Five hundred strong men held their breath as Murphy and his pals explored the great man for trouble. And then Heels advanced for the ordeal. He tried to carry himself as Gianoli and the Skidding Kid had done, with ease, hauteur, condescension, but impartial judges would have marked it short of perfect. Nevertheless, Heels did it well. Without haste and with an excellent imitation of unconcern, Heels mounted the steps.

Murphy was laughing agreeably at something one of his brother strong-arms had said.

At the top of the stoop Heels halted and lifted his arms, as though about to flap them winglike. He cleared his throat. Let the frisking begin!

But Murphy had just remembered another good line, and there were others coming up the

Rocco says stay off the streets for a while. What's your name?"

steps. Down on the curb somebody laughed. Then others laughed.

"Hey, Moiphy," yelled a taxi driver, "they's a guy goin' to fly over yer head."

Murphy turned to Heels and observed the blocked steps. He surveyed the skinny boy who awaited his brusque administrations, and then took him by the arm. Ah, now for the frisking.

"Git in; git in," growled the big Tuscarora, shoving Heels through the door. "Don't block traffic."

"Keep movin'; keep movin'," sang the second strong-arm, pushing Heels farther inward. "Whaddeya wanna do—sing?"

Heels began to realize the ghastly truth. They weren't going to search him!

"Hey!" he shouted. "How do ya know I ain't got somepin on me?"

But it was a wasted effort. The fourth detective gave him a shove which sent him almost sprawling into a Gee Gee known as The Wrench.

"Step on my feet," snarled the Wrench, "an' I'll step on your nose."

The prophet Jeremiah was Polyanna's coach compared to Heels Sprung.

Cheest, how he wisht he on'y had a cannon then. He'da showed them, he would.

Heels didn't dance. Until one o'clock he sat with the line of slicked boys who silently viewed proceedings from the row of chairs along the walls. He saw the great Gianoli and Mabel loping the fox trots and dipping the waltzes, and watched the Skidding Kid twirling lady after lady through the dancing throng. And, little by little, his heart grew whole again, yet a bitterness toward Murphy and all Tuscaroras had been born within him and memory still rankled.

Once Gianoli, mopping his face as he trotted, dropped his handkerchief. Like a swallow, Heels darted into the throng, retrieving the handkerchief, but not before a pair of dancing feet had trodden it.

"Watch where yer goin'," snapped Heels, to the owner of the feet. "Ift you knowed who owns this blow maybe you'd fall dead, fella."

Between dances Heels returned the handkerchief to its proud owner.

"Much oblige," said Rocco.

"I'm the guy you give a ticket to the oth' day on Gran' Street. The day ya hat blew off. I'm the guy give it back to ya."

Heels was standing at a respectful distance. Between sentences he bowed.

"Much oblige," repeated Gianoli.

Heels inflated his chest as he walked to his seat at the wall. He hoped Murphy was looking.

Whether Murphy was looking or not, others had been. One of them, a plug of a man with shoulders that made him seem square, wanted to know Heels' social status. When Heels was a few feet away the gorilla leaned to a neighbor and sneered:

"Get this, willya. Gianoli's got a dog robber."

Now, the designation "dog robber," which in the army is attached to an officer's servant or striker, had little significance for Heels Sprung, who hadn't been a member of the American Expeditionary Forces. He resented the term, however, on general principles. Besides, it would be clear to anyone that the gorilla meant offense. Now was the time for Heels to serve notice that he was no guy's boob.

"Watcha thinkya doin', fella?" he demanded, somewhat uncertainly. "Kiddin' somebody?"

Brave words, but poorly uttered. At such affairs and in such circumstances one must *look* his words; his voice must fit them. Heels Sprungs' tricky voice had gone falsetto at the end of his challenge.

"A coke, b'geez!" said the squat man, after surveying the anemic boy. "A coke. Cheest, Gianoli's got a cokie for a dog robber."

"Yeh," shrilled Heels, "go on ahead and kid somebody."

"'Splain's everything," sneered the gorilla. "I been hearin' that Gianoli's gone soft. Looka w'at he's got for a dog robber! Say, doggie, maybe you can tell me: don't Gianoli ever come out alone after dark no more?"

Heels began to realize what impended. His chances in a fight with this stranger would be about as robust as Belgium's were against Germany. If he didn't fight, Gianoli was going to hear about it, and the news was going to spread that a Gianoli follower had been swept up or even knocked off at a Gianoli racket. And that would mean Gianoli's wrath. But if he did fight—and won! If, when the fight was halted, as it was sure to be, quickly and vigorously, with all those Tuscaroras around, the gorilla was stretched out on the floor . . . cold. Heels Sprung, one of Rocco Gianoli's best friends!

Probably, if you had asked Heels about it later, he couldn't have explained it. He leaped toward the gorilla, who had no chance to arise from his chair. Heels' right foot described a swift arc. A crash, a scream from women, a bewildering rush of the crowd. The strong-arm men from police headquarters came battering through, their pistols ready for use. Somebody had grabbed Heels' collar and whisked him into the throng.

Two policemen carried a squat, limp form out. There was blood flowing from the unconscious gorilla's lips.

II.

HEELS was leaving, somewhat against his will, through a back door. He had only a vague recollection of how he had reached the little-known exit. Someone had snatched him from the crowd. He remembered: it was the Skidding Kid. The Kid had yanked Heels by the arm, down a flight of stairs and up another. A girl ran by the Kid's side. And now Heels was leaving the hall.

"Ya ain't gettin' the air," somebody was explaining—ah, yes; it was the Skidding Kid. "We ain't givin' you the gate, kid, on'y for yer own good, see? Ya ain't gettin' the rush. Gianoli says ya better beat it before soma the Beaver's friends come lookin' for ya. How the hell did the Beaver get in, anyway? Ya got guts, kid; ya got guts. The Beaver's cold, and we're cuttin' the racket short before nothin' starts. Ya got guts, kid; but be careful.

"Gianoli says you go to his flat for the night, see? Don't let nobody see you. Keep offa the streets all ya can, kid, and lay low in Gianoli's tonight. Gianoli says you're a good kid and to take cara yaself, see?"

"Don't worry about the Beaver, kid," said

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the girl (Oh, supreme bliss! It was Bird's Eye Mabel.) "The dicks found the cannon on him, so you don't have to worry about the Beaver for a long time, kid. But Rocco says stay off the streets for a while. What's your name?"

"Heels Sprung. Tell 'im I seen the gat on the Beaver, and that's the reason I done it. I didn't have no cannon."

And with that pardonable lie Heels left Berg's Casino. The Beaver! Heels shivered. He had kicked the Beaver! And the Beaver had a cannon. The Beaver! He had heard of the Beaver, of course, but had never seen him. The Beaver was from the West Side.

Now would the Tuscaroras frisk him? Now would they insult him by thrusting him into rackets unexplored for weapons? Or maybe they would not allow him in any racket hereafter. Think of that! He could hear them saying:

"Here comes Heels Sprung. No use friskin' him. He never carries no gun. He don't need no gun. Fast? Why, that kid is quicker with the boot than any guy is with the cannon. And he's there with the knucks, too. No, he won't have no gun on him, but don't let him in anyway."

And then Heels saw himself nonchalantly invading a racket at midnight—the crest hour—by some mysterious door known only to him and Gianoli. And, as he appeared on the floor, the music would play softly, lest he be annoyed. Girls, including Bird's Eye Mabel and her cousin from Chicago, would flock to him. Gunmen would take his whispered orders. An inspector of police would eye him warily, but would offer him no offense, because he was Heels Sprung and all the big politicians were behind him.

He had licked the Beaver . . .

Heels snapped out of his dream. Through the darkest streets. Through a tenement basement, over two back fences, through an alley. He was in Gianoli's place. He hid in the hallway to await the great Rocco. . . . Heels Sprung, Gianoli's right-hand man.

HE waited an hour; an hour and a half. It grew cold, and the thin blood of Heels Sprung was losing its fight against the chill wind. Would Rocco Gianoli never come?

Heels saw something glistening in a corner. He picked it up. A bottle. A small medicine bottle with a short neck. Just the size of one of those deadly little automatics, the kind the molls carried in their muffs or in their stockings. Just the size. It fitted nicely into Heels' hand. It was dark there in the hallway.

A truck went lumbering by, piled high with merchandise. Coolly, as befitted so desperate a man, Heels took careful aim at the driver. A cinch! He pulled an imaginary trigger. Nothing to it—nothing at all. The chauffeur never knew what hit him. Heels Sprung's automatic never missed. The chauffeur's helper, seeing his partner fall and the truck lurch toward the sidewalk, ran for it.

Heels lifted his bottle again and would have cooked the helper as he ran. But what would be the use? Bad as he was, even his enemies must say that Heels Sprung never knocked off men unnecessarily. The truck struck the curb and capsized. Heels Sprung's Gee Gees leaped forth from their hiding places and, in a trice, before the cops arrived, made off with fifty thousand dollars' worth of silk. Or maybe it might be gold from Wall Street. Not that it mattered. Another gust of nipping wind wooshed into the hall, and Heels shivered again. He thrust the bottle—that deadly automatic—into his coat pocket. He ventured to look out. The truck was uproariously turning the corner. A policeman appeared, trying doors. He would find one open, and, if he entered, he would stumble on Heels Sprung cowering in the hall.

Well, Heels couldn't wait all night for anybody, not even Gianoli. He slipped out the back door, scaled the fence, and struck south in the general direction of the Brooklyn Bridge. Some bell told him that it was two o'clock.

At City Hall Park Heels squatted on a bench. A Bowery hokie, reeking with the fumes of third rail whisky, flopped beside him and would have drawn him into an argument on prohibition. Heels moved on. The southern boundary of City Hall Park is Mail Street, a single block connecting Park Row and Broadway.

Over toward the Broadway end of Mail Street is a stand, where, during the day, candy, peanuts, soft drinks, and hot dogs are sold. In the shadow of this Heels Sprung stopped. He had turned up his coat collar, a barrier against the wintry air which sought his thin neck.

The concessionaire must have left a fire in the peanut roaster inside the booth, because the boards against which Heels leaned were warm. Heels squeezed against the booth the harder, for he was cold. He pressed his thin hands against the warm wood and in a little while he was once more the bad man of Berg's Casino. And under the influence of the heat he became again the successor of the great Gianoli, leader of the dreadful Gee Gees.

ACROSS Mail Street, on a high platform running the width of the old post office, a dozen men were roaring with industry. Into six huge trucks they were heaving canvas bags. One squad would drag the bags out to the platform and another would cram them into the trucks. And standing beside each truck was a man carrying a long pistol at his hip.

Heels watched the mail dispatchers and loaders for a while and then thrust his hands into his coat pockets. The bottle! No, not a bottle; an automatic. Bag after bag of mail went into those trucks. The guards with their big cannon lolled against the hoods of the motors until, their trucks loaded, they leaped to the seat beside the chauffeur and off they'd go.

Huh! A fine lot of suckers. What did they know about protecting the mails? Who couldn't knock any one or all of them off and—well, any one of those mail bags might contain ten or twenty thousand dollars. The thing to do, of course, was to take up an advantageous position at the Park Row end of the platform and quickly stick up the first guard.

Then, while he had his hands in the air, Heels would relieve him of his gun (he wouldn't kill the guard unless it were necessary) and a couple of the most trustworthy of the Gee Gees would snake out the most promising looking sacks and throw them into the big automobile, which would be ready to make a successful getaway.

Simple? Oh, a cinch!

Wonder why Gianoli never thought of this. Hell! Gianoli was, come to think of it, a piker. When Heels Sprung took over the leadership of the Gee Gees the city would understand what a gang could do under a really fearless leader.

Gianoli lacked imagination, that's what. Just think of any really intelligent gunman missing the chance Mail Street offered. The way to do it would be this:

Heels drew his automatic. Slowly he raised it until the muzzle was covering the red head of the guard across the street. A cold sneer hardened the face of Heels Sprung, New York's worst gangster. The way to do it was this. Slowly but firmly Heels was pressing the trigger. One, two——

From Broadway, a dozen strides to the west, came a flash of light and the roar of a gun. Mail Street was in a furore. A cop came running, shouting:

"I got him! I got him!"

THE red-headed guard and all the other guards rushed to where the cop stopped at the refreshment stand. Half of the mail loaders joined them. And pretty soon an ambulance appeared and Heels Sprung was lifted in. Detectives were at Bellevue to receive him.

"Where's his gun?" the desk lieutenant demanded.

"He didn't have no gun," rumbled the cop.

"No gun, you boob? What do you mean, no gun?"

"Well, I didn't find no gun. None of us did, and we searched right away. All we found was this."

The cop handed the lieutenant a small medicine bottle.

"But I seen the gun in his hand," protested the cop. "I seen him cover one of the guards with it. He was standin' in the shadow of the refreshment stand there when I come along, and I seen him cover the guard with a gun and I let him have it. But we didn't find no gun, and we all looked."

Heels Sprung was propped up on his cot. His leg was torturing him. The doctors said the shot had smashed his knee. He would always be lame. Lucky they didn't have to amputate. But pain meant little to Heels. The cop detailed to sit beside his bed had fetched him a newspaper. Slowly Heels read:

> As he was about to murder the guard of a mail truck which carried a load of registered letters containing upward of $100,000 in cash and post-office orders, Heels Sprung, one of the most desperate gangsters on the lower East Side, was shot early this morning by Patrolman Hennessy of the Oak Street station.
>
> The police say that Sprung and a dozen confederates were prepared to pounce upon the truck when the guard should fall. Patrolman Hennessy, who has been a member of the police department for fourteen years and has a wife and five children, sighted the thug as the latter was about to fire. Beating Sprung to the trigger, Hennessy fired, shattering the gunman's leg and frustrating the holdup. Sprung's confederates escaped, but the police say . . .
>
> Sprung is known on the East Side as one of the most daring gangsters in New York. The police say . . .

Heels lay back on his pillow, a smile of bliss upon his thin face. A nurse tiptoed in, beckoning to the guardian cop.

"All right," whispered the cop; "let them come in. I'll stay behind the screen and listen."

"Kid," he said, turning to Heels, "there's a guy outside wants to visit you and the doctors say it's all right. I'll step outside a minute."

"Who is it?" demanded Heels.

"Rocco Gianoli, and they's a lady with him."

Gianoli! Bird's Eye Mabel! A new pinkness tinged Heels' cheeks. His face grew almost stern. Gianoli!

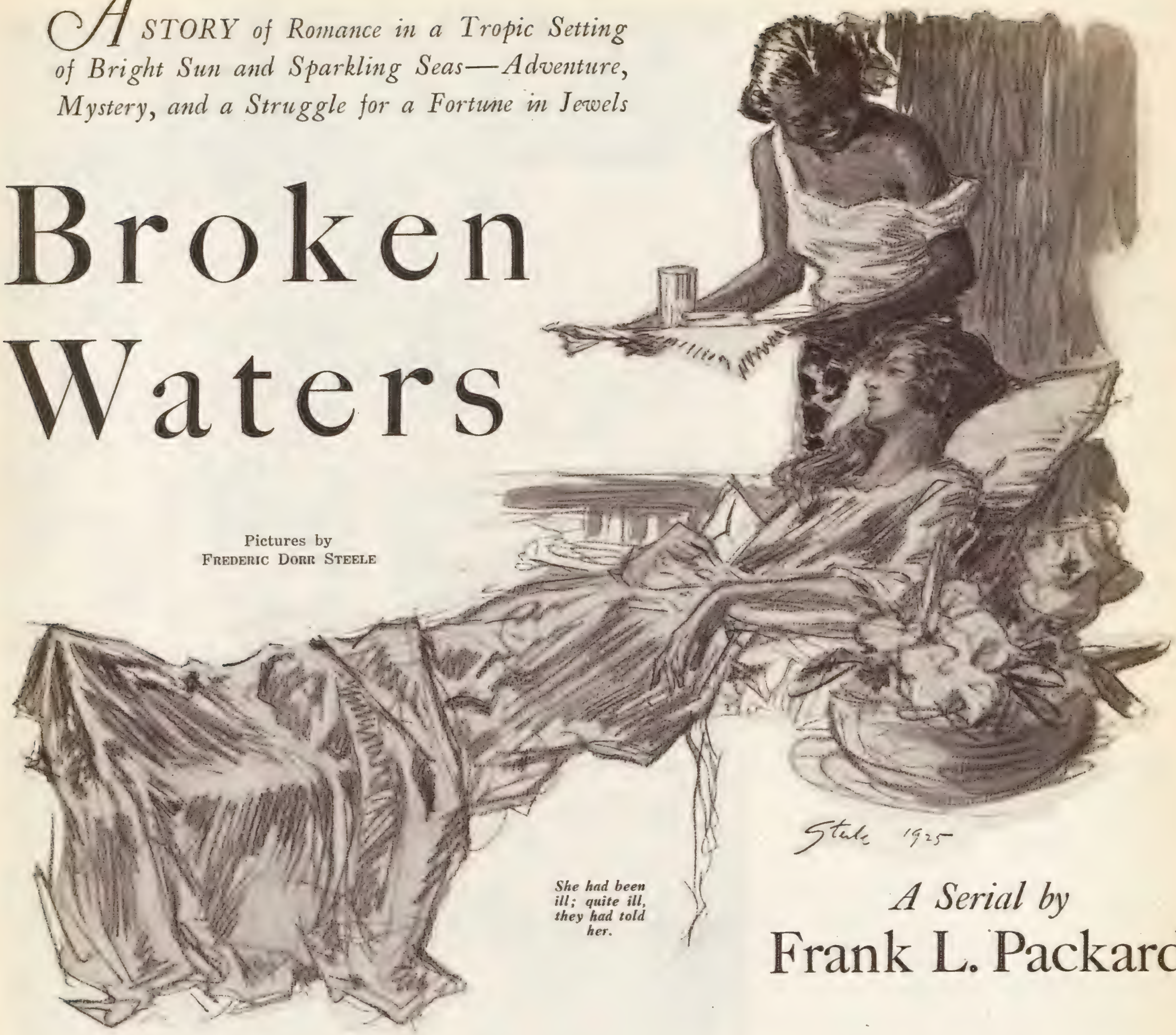
"Tell 'im," drawled Heels, "ta stick around ift he wantsta. Maybe I'll see 'em bot' after while. An' maybe not."

THE END

A STORY of Romance in a Tropic Setting of Bright Sun and Sparkling Seas—Adventure, Mystery, and a Struggle for a Fortune in Jewels

Broken Waters

Pictures by
FREDERIC DORR STEELE



She had been ill; quite ill, they had told her.

A Serial by Frank L. Packard

WHO'S WHO *in the* Third Installment

JOHN CRANE, *a plantation owner on Talimi, one of the South Sea Islands. While in Havre, France, Crane receives a messenger with a letter from*

MARTIN TODD, *an old friend. The letter begs him to take charge of a fortune in jewels, the property of Russian exiles, who are trailed by Soviet agents. Crane agrees and returns to Talimi, where he awaits a visit from*

DONALD LANE, *his nephew. On his way from New York Lane stops at the Island of Viti Levu, where he meets*

ANNE WALTON, *nineteen, beautiful, and self-reliant. She is the daughter of*

HENRY WALTON, *a gentleman of leisure, and hated by Crane. The Waltons are on their way to their home in Talimi. While awaiting the steamer, Donald and Anne drive into the interior. There, just as Donald declares his love, a hurricane overwhelms them. Donald is knocked unconscious by a falling tree, and Anne, knowing now that she loves him, is confronted with the problem of saving him.*

CHAPTER V—*(Continued)*

SHE must get help, and get it quickly—very quickly. That was the only chance. She scrambled over the car and tore her way through the entangling branches. The Robertsons' house—there wasn't any other place!

The wind half swept her from her feet, blew her along, wrapped her soaked skirts about her until they manacled her limbs, and she staggered and caught at a tree trunk at the side of the road to save herself from falling. Her hair, loosened, dripping wet, streamed about her shoulders, and in the wind strands of it whipped her face. She raised her hands to brush it away from her eyes—and gave a sharp, sudden cry of pain. Her left arm hurt her brutally. She had not noticed that before. And there was something warm—much warmer than the rain—upon her cheeks. She looked at her hands—they were red with it as they came away from her face.

She moaned a little; she felt suddenly giddy and weak—and then something, a tigerish something, rose within her, and she stumbled on again. She was being robbed of a priceless treasure she had just found; this ghastly chaos that was all around was trying to steal from her the man she loved. But nothing would steal that from her; nothing would rob her of that! She would fight for it until she died; she would never yield it up—never—never yield it up to either man or storm, or for any cause, now that she had found it.

She struggled on—but more and more blindly at every yard. At times she was literally blown forward, and flung either to her face in the road or against the trees that, still standing, bent their heads like bows to the wind; at times she crawled on hands and knees, clawing with bitter pain for every inch. Coherent thought was battered out of her; her mind, like her body, was bruised and bleeding. Instinct alone remained.

And then at last she beat with her fists upon the panels of a door; and the door was opened a few inches against the storm.

"Great God!" a man's voice bellowed out.

She seized his hand, plucked at his sleeve, trying to pull him out through the doorway.

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"Come! Come quickly!" she cried. "Up the road—Donald Lane—under the car. Come —*come!*" she urged, deliriously; and, turning, took a step forward to start back again—and collapsed, a huddled, unconscious heap, upon the ground.

CHAPTER VI.

THE moonlight streamed in through the window and lay soft and filmy white upon the appointments of the room. The night was very lovely—a tropical night of serene beauty. From the bed Anne Walton could look outside to where, bathed in the moonrays, verdure and foliage took on the most wonderful and delicate shades and colorings. And it was very quiet—very still.

She could not sleep; she did not know that she even wished to sleep—the morrow was filled with the promise of so much happiness and glad excitement. Sleep had not come; but dreams had—happy dreams, full of tender fancies. Long ago she had heard the clock in the bungalow strike midnight.

Oh, there was so much! The Alola had come in that afternoon from Apia, and would sail tomorrow evening for Talimi. And tomorrow, for the first time since that terrible day, she would see Donald Lane again.

She had been ill; quite ill, they had told her. For several days she had remembered nothing of what had happened. Indeed, yesterday was the first time she had been allowed to walk a little on the veranda; but today she had been splendid, really herself again, she felt, though the doctor had still ordered quiet and been very stingy about exercise or any kind of excitement.

She had intended to drive down to Suva to—to—well, she had said there were a number of things she needed before leaving for Talimi. The doctor's refusal had been more emphatic than elegant—but the disappointment was compensated for by the note which he had taken from his pocket and handed her.

A little smile crept across her lips; a little tinge of color crept into her cheeks. The doctor was really a dear. She had had first-hand information about Donald every day. Donald! It was always "Donald" in her thoughts. Her color deepened.

Did he know she loved him? Her heart was beating quickly. Could he read between the lines of her note sent in answer to his that the doctor had brought her? Surely he would understand. They had not seen each other since the accident. When the storm was over Donald had been taken back to the hotel in Suva, and she had been brought back here to the bungalow. And for a week they had both been invalids.

She remembered the great throb of joy that had welled up in her heart when they had told her he was not dangerously hurt—"rather badly cut up and a number of severe contusions, but no bones broken—constitution of a horse—matter of a week," the doctor had said.

Flowers! Her room was full of his flowers. And then his note today which she had answered. She could repeat every word of it. It had begun *most* informally! She smiled a little in happy understanding over that. He had hesitated at "Anne," and he had refused flatly the conventional "Miss Walton" —so just nothing at all!

> I'll look less like a turbaned East Indian with the bandages off my head tomorrow. Am going up to call for you at the bungalow to bring you down to the Alola—may I? DONALD LANE.

Her reply had been, in effect, "Yes." She would not have retracted it now for worlds.

John Crane—Talimi! A little frown gathered on her brow. Was that going to be a source of unpleasantness? Surely not! Perhaps this love that had come to Donald and herself would be the one thing that would bring John Crane and her father together again after all these years. That was the way she wanted it to be—what she would work to bring about. Of course, she would succeed! Her father was already won over, and——

She sat suddenly upright in bed. Fancy? Well, it had been most strangely realistic, then! It had seemed as though a shadow had flitted across the moon path there outside the window—not a waving branch, or anything of that kind, because there wasn't a breeze strong enough to stir even a leaf—but a shadow, come and gone in an instant, that, in the momentary glimpse she had caught of it, had looked like a man passing swiftly by.

She listened intently. A minute that spent itself in palpitating silence dragged by—and then Anne quickly and silently sprang from her bed. The sound was very faint—but it was not fancy. Someone had moved stealthily across the veranda, and someone was now *trying* the front door.

She flung a dressing gown over her shoul-

He came a step forward and raised the lamp so that its rays fell upon her.

"Oh!" said Mr. Walton, without inflection. "You've been listening?"

ders, and from a drawer of her dresser took out a revolver.

Her father's rooms opened off the entrance hall of the bungalow, but on the opposite side from those which she occupied. She would, therefore, have to cross the hall and, incidentally, the line of the front door before she could reach him. There was not another soul in the bungalow—the servants all had their quarters outside and at the rear.

The door of her bedroom, leading into a sort of little boudoir and sitting room beyond, was open, and silently, her bare feet making no sound on the mat-covered floorings, she crossed the two rooms to the farther door of the sitting room, which, closed now, gave directly on the wide entrance hall itself.

And here she paused for an instant, and once more listened. There was undoubtedly the sound of movement again, guarded, cautious, and from *inside* the bungalow now. Anne's lips drew tightly together. She opened the sitting room door softly and peered out into the entrance hall. On either side of the front door was a window, and through these windows the moonlight streamed into the hall just as it did into her bedroom. She could see almost as well as though it were day. There was no one in sight—the hall was empty of any intruder.

And then, on the instant, Anne's dark eyes opened wide. There was a light in her father's room just across the hall—it showed like a thin, yellow thread along his doorsill. She smiled a little in sudden relief. The bogey she had conjured up was her father. And then, quite as suddenly, she caught her breath a little, in anxiety. Why would he get up at this hour and go to the front door, go out on the veranda, go outside the house? Perhaps he was ill and had not wanted to disturb her? No, that would hardly account for it—but something, at any rate, must be the matter.

She crossed the hall quickly, and, with her hand half raised to knock upon the door, let it fall again to her side. He wasn't alone. Someone was in there with him. She could hear voices now—her father's and that of another man. They came to her in a muffled way, but she could catch the words without difficulty. It was rather strange—a rather strange hour for a visitor! But it was her father's affair. She certainly had no right to intrude.

ANNE half turned away—and abruptly stood still again. Words came throbbing through her brain, words in her father's voice. They seemed to paralyze her very power of movement, to root her to the spot:

"John Crane, the old swine, will never know he's been done until you've had a chance to put the globe between you half a dozen times over if you want to."

Another voice spoke:

"Well, I'm not worrying; though, according to your own account, the old chap's a tough bird to monkey with if his tail's pulled—and I'd say that separating him from a package of jewels worth a hundred thousand pounds is pulling his tail *some!*"

"The only trouble you're likely to have with him," said Mr. Walton with a malicious laugh, "is getting away from his damned hospitality so as to get over to my place and split the swag before the Alola sails again. He'll hand over the package the minute you show him the list in his handwriting, and then fall on your neck and slobber over you like a long lost son."

"Right you are!" The other echoed Mr. Walton's malicious laugh. "Well, let's get down to business. I've steered clear of you here in Suva until the last minute. Is everything still safe, and the coast clear for me to go aboard the Alola tomorrow? Nothing's cropped up to put a crimp in anywhere?"

"Nothing!" Mr. Walton answered. "Everything is all right. And I've found out about Solly Minderlich in Bombay. He's safe enough, and you can cash in your share with him, if you want to, without fear of police interference—but he'll screw the eye teeth out of you."

"Will he!" ejaculated the other. "Then he'll be pretty good if he does—he, or any other man of his kidney! I'll take care of anything like that——"

Anne moved blindly away from the door. Her head was whirling. This was unbelievable—it couldn't be true. A thief! Her father was going to steal—*steal* jewels worth a hundred thousand pounds from John Crane.

She was walking across the hall, scarcely conscious of her movements; walking automatically—subconsciously seeking her own room. There was a small wicker table in the center of the hall. She did not see it. It fell to the floor as she stumbled into it.

Mechanically she stooped and righted the table. On the floor where they had fallen were a number of magazines and papers and a check-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

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"I'm waiting for an answer," Henry Walton prompted sharply. "And there is someone else who is also waiting—in my room."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

ered cap, which, since it did not belong to her father, obviously belonged to his visitor—and mechanically, too, she picked these things up and replaced them on the table.

Her father's door had opened. He stood outside it now, holding a lamp in one hand; with his other hand he had closed the door so she caught no glimpse of the interior.

"You, Anne!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she said.

He came a step forward and raised the lamp so that its rays fell upon her.

Her face was white, haggard, with no single vestige of color in it.

"Oh!" said Mr. Walton, without inflection in his voice. "You've been listening?"

"I heard what was said," she answered dully.

Henry Walton's lips curved slowly into a smile—a very cool and composed little smile—a very deadly little smile. But no other muscle of his face moved.

"My dear," he said softly, "if you will excuse me for a few moments, I will join you presently in your room."

Anne made no attempt to reply.

The door of Mr. Walton's room opened just sufficiently to admit him—and closed behind him again.

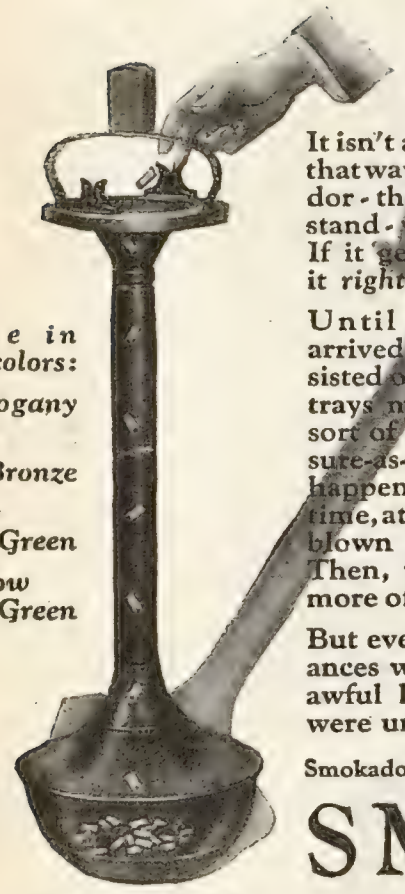
CHAPTER VII.

IF the man who had been in her father's room had left the bungalow, it had been without Anne's knowledge. She had not heard anyone go out. She stood now beside the table in her sitting room, a rigid little figure, with hands clenched at her sides, as Henry Walton entered and set the lamp which he carried down between them.

Anne did not look up, though she was quite well aware that her father was regarding her fixedly. She was still fighting for mental composure, for her very reason itself, it seemed—as she had been fighting from that moment out there in the hall.

"My dear," said Mr. Walton, in smooth and perfectly modulated tones, "you should really make an effort to control your facial expression if you care anything about the privacy of your thoughts. Shall I tell you what you are think-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

ing? It is rather jumbled, isn't it?

"At one moment, prompted more by selfishness than a high sense of morality, you rebel like a spoiled child against having heard what you did, since, otherwise, though the crime might be consummated, it would leave your conscience untouched; the next moment the fact that you do know brings a gleam of hope, since you imagine this thing will thereby be nipped in the bud, and, though a bit tattered and with a rent or two in it, you can still wrap some sort of a mantle of self-respect around yourself.

"And lastly, but perhaps most disturbing of all, is the thought of —Donald Lane!"

ANNE shivered a little—not merely because her father had so mercilessly expressed her thoughts in words, but because of his ruthless, impersonal tones, his suave casualness, his utter lack of any display of feeling. She looked up at him now—and suddenly, as though she had received a shock, drew back from the table. She was conscious that there was something different in his appearance, that he did not look the same as usual. His eyes seemed to bore into her. She had never seen his eyes so bright before. It was strange—very strange!

They were unforgettable eyes as they held her in focus now. They seemed to snap fire from their jet-black depths; they were the most brilliant eyes she had ever seen—they dominated his every other feature. She caught her breath in a little gasp. He was not wearing the amber-colored pince-nez! That was what it was! The amber-colored lenses toned down the intense and otherwise instantly noticeable brilliancy and produced the soft and almost slumbrous appearance to which she was accustomed.

"Oh!" she cried out sharply.

In all her life, even as a child, she could not remember ever having seen him without his amber-colored glasses until now. She could not remember, for instance, now that she looked back, ever having seen him perform so common and natural an act as to take them off to polish them in her presence. And now the effect without them was so startling and forbidding that she felt as though something chill, something ominous that she could not define, was clutching suddenly at her heart.

"My dear," said Mr. Walton suavely, "I left them off for a purpose. I intend to hide nothing from you. How could I, if we are to exchange confidences—which, I am afraid, we will now be obliged to do for—er—our mutual welfare. Will you begin, Anne, by telling me what you heard from the other side of my door? I judged from that very impressionable countenance of yours that you heard pretty much everything."

Anne drew herself erect with an effort; her voice sounded hollow in her own ears; her mouth was strangely dry.

"I heard you plotting to rob John Crane of some valuable jewels in Talimi," she said. "I heard enough to know that my father is a potential thief and criminal."

"You are wrong, Anne," said Mr. Walton gently. "Not potential, my dear. I have been a criminal all my life. I—er—mention this now at the beginning so that you can exclude from your mind any idea that this is some new venture, some new experience in life that I am tempted to sample, but from which I may still be dissuaded, and—er—saved."

"All—all your life?" The words came from her in a numbed way.

"Quite all my life," nodded Mr. Walton. "And, I might say, with one exception, very successfully so; in fact, I am not sure that I should admit an exception, for, indeed, thanks to that incident, the police of several continents no longer search for one that they are perfectly certain has been dead for many years. And I might also say, Anne, that I am neither unmindful nor ungrateful for the assistance that you, quite unwittingly of course, have been to me in preserving my incognito. You have—er—contributed just that air of respectability to my modest establishments both in Paris and Talimi that locks the door upon suspicion."

She stared at him for an instant, a look in her eyes like that of a wounded animal; then, groping out for a chair, she sank into it and buried her face in her hands.

Her father—a professional criminal! It burned into her brain, searing her with its hideous brand, proclaiming her an outcast and a pariah from all she cared for. She was the daughter of a criminal. All she cared for! She cared for Donald Lane—but—she was the daughter of a criminal—and—a criminal's daughter and Donald Lane lived in two different worlds.

A question came involuntarily to her lips.

"DID—did my mother know you for what you are?" she asked.

Henry Walton smiled faintly.

"I rather expected that," he said quietly. "No, she never knew I was a criminal."

"Thank God for that!" whispered Anne.

"Yes," he said; "it was, perhaps, just as well!"

Anne moaned a little, her face still buried in her hands. His callousness was horrible. She knew in her soul that all he said was true; but she didn't want to believe it, fought against believing it, because, if it were true, her own

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SIX]

life, in the sense of everything that made life worth while to her, was at an end. How could it be true? His life with her in the islands, his hosts of friends—everybody knew Henry Walton and liked him! Hadn't Mr. Jepson, for instance, who was a gentleman of the highest standing, insisted on turning over this very bungalow here to his friend "Henry"? And the circle of "nice people" in Paris! It was incredible!

He seemed to read her thoughts with uncanny precision.

"That is the art of it, my dear," he said smoothly. "It makes my position unassailable. Besides being extremely fond of the life out here—during certain periods of the year!—the little plantation on Talimi serves, when I am in Paris, to account to the Parisians for the source of my income; and, when I am out here, those who know there is scarcely a livelihood to be made out of the plantation do not for an instant question the fact that I have additional investments in Europe."

Something in Anne's throat seemed to choke her. She knew a sudden rush of passion. His callousness, a sort of inhuman, perverted facetiousness in both his voice and manner, had robbed her of even a feeling of tolerance toward him.

"You have said enough!" she cried. "I understand now that I have lived all my life in more or less luxury—on stolen money. I do not know how much you have stolen, how many times, or when, or where, but you have robbed me of more than you have robbed all others in all your life."

"Strange!" murmured Henry Walton. "The fundamental selfishness in human nature—even, as I have said, as applied to one's morality! As between father and daughter, you appear to have eliminated every thought—except for the daughter."

Anne's small hands clenched.

"ARE you trying, have you been trying all the time to make me hate you?" she said passionately. "Do you expect me to rejoice in your dishonest life? Do you expect me, because you are my father, to become a criminal, too?" She steadied her voice. "I do not know what I shall do in the future, I—I can't think now; but at least this projected robbery from Mr. Crane will never take place."

"We are coming to that," said Henry Walton calmly. "I can't say I am at all surprised at your attitude; and it is precisely because I anticipated that attitude that I am so frank with you. My dear, I regret to say that, however distasteful it may be to you, our arrangements and plans in regard to John Crane and his seductive jewels are too complicated, and —er—conclusive, to allow of any change being made in them."

Anne's lips straightened.

"You will never touch one of them while I live!" she said steadily.

"The optimism of youth!" Henry Walton smiled blandly. "It sees so little of the way ahead! But do not let us be hasty, Anne. You say that I have already said enough; I am afraid that I have still more to say. You have never seen me as I am tonight — like this." He touched his eyes lightly with his fingers. "In spite of the years and the abundant evidence of my death, there are still those today, in the Prefecture of Paris, in the hallowed precincts of Scotland Yard, and elsewhere, who would not hesitate long, I fancy, to lay a hand upon my shoulder if they saw me as you see me now. My eyes, in certain respects, were always a curse to me.

"You are a woman of common sense, my dear—of unusual common sense. I think I might almost say quite literally my life is in the hollow of your hand. There is no alternative but that of force if you refuse to agree to the proposition I shall make to you."

Anne stared at him wildly.

"I THINK you are mad—or I am!" she cried out. "Your 'proposition' is an insult before you make it. There is nothing you can say or do that will prevent me from stopping this thing if you attempt to go on with it."

"We will see," said Henry Walton coolly. "Broken waters, my dear, sometimes interfere with the course we propose to steer. Will you permit me to finish?"

Anne did not answer.

"Briefly," said Henry Walton, ignoring her silence, "a man by the name of Todd, who is an old friend of John Crane, aided a little group of the Russian nobility to escape from their country, and, incidentally, succeeded in salvaging for them at the same time a very choice collection of jewels—very choice, my dear Anne—to the estimated value, as you heard when you stood outside my door, of some hundred thousand pounds, or, as your friend, Mr. Donald Lane of New York, would say, a cool half million.

"The Soviet government, however, had their agents hot on the trail of these jewels, and both the refugees and Todd himself were being watched in Paris. The jewels were securely hidden, but they were also useless, while hidden, to people in dire need of exchanging at least a portion of them for cash; ergo, they must be got away secretly out of the country to some place where, with the Soviet agents thrown off the scent, they could be turned into money.

"John Crane was at Havre with his yacht. Todd sent the jewels to Crane, and Crane agreed to take

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

them to Talimi. The jewels were to be redeemed in person either by Todd or the man who had acted as Todd's messenger, or, as Crane did not know any of the refugees personally, by whichever one of these latter identified himself by presenting a copy of the list, in Crane's own handwriting, of the articles the package contains and the names of those to whom each separate article belongs. One of these men is on his way now to reclaim the jewels; is, in fact, in Suva at the present moment, and will be on board the Alola tomorrow en route for Talimi. I need hardly explain, my dear, that he will not reach Talimi with the credentials in his pocket, and that *someone else* will present them."

AMAZEMENT, as Anne listened, crowded out for the moment all other emotions.

"It seems a very strange coincidence that out of all the world the little island of Talimi should be involved in this, and that you, who live there, should know of it!" she exclaimed abruptly. "How do you know that all this is so? How *could* you know?"

"My dear," replied Henry Walton, a slightly wearied tone creeping into his voice, "it is my business — er — profession to know about such things whenever possible. We have perfected in Paris a very efficient organization. The Soviet agents were a bit clumsy; they supplied us with our first clew —after that Todd and his band of exiles were not as secret in their councils as they fondly imagined they were. The rest required only patience. Crane had long ago sailed back to Talimi; it was simply a question of who had the credentials—and that question was answered when one of the Russians mysteriously and suddenly disappeared from Paris. You see, we had the Soviet agents at a disadvantage; we knew the man's ultimate destination — and they didn't. We caught up with the man en route—and tomorrow we begin the last lap of the journey."

"Which"—she spoke dully—"you say he will not finish?"

"Exactly!" said Henry Walton.

"You—you have let him come this far without interference?"

Anne's mind was confused.

"Except to assure ourselves that he carried the credentials and *where* he carried them — yes," Henry Walton answered, and now an ominous little smile touched his lips. "That perplexes you? The explanation is simple. We are not children. When we leave Suva there is neither wireless nor cable communication; up to that point there is. It would really have been an unpardonable blunder to have risked the emissary's misadventure coming to the ears of his fellows while there was still a chance for them to embarrass us."

Anne rose suddenly to her feet.

"This is horrible!" she cried out. "It is monstrous! Inhuman! What are you going to do with this man—to keep him from reaching Talimi after he is on board the Alola?"

Henry Walton shrugged his shoulders.

"That is rather immaterial, isn't it?" he returned indifferently. "Accidents are of so many and diverse a nature—Anne!"

"You — you mean"—her voice dropped to a horrified whisper—"*murder?*"

Henry Walton leaned negligently back in his chair.

"If necessary," he said evenly. "But it should not be necessary. There are several ports of call between here and Talimi where he can be inadvertently left behind, and where he would have to remain, out of communication with the rest of the world, until the Alola touched there again, a month later. But"—his voice sharpened suddenly—"from your rather logical deduction, I think you are really beginning to appreciate why I have been so frank with you, and to realize that we will permit nothing, not even consideration for a *daughter,* to interfere with——"

"Permit!" Her hands were clenching and unclenching at her sides, her head was thrown back, her eyes flashing. "You cannot stop me! Nothing can prevent me from interfering! Yes, I understand! You mean that so paltry a thing as my life would not be allowed to stand in the way. Oh, you have made it clear enough! But I shall stop it!"

"Indeed!" murmured Henry Walton. "And how, my dear Anne?"

"By going down to Suva now—by shouting it out loud through the town, if necessary," she answered passionately.

"VERY effective—but a bit melodramatic, don't you think?" drawled Henry Walton. "And so you would deliver your own flesh and blood, your father, over to the police?"

"Yes!" she cried. "Under these circumstances, yes — a thousand times yes!"

Henry Walton's eyes fixed in a strange, brooding glow upon Anne's face.

"Once caught," he said in a curiously musing voice, "I would, on account of this and on account of certain episodes in the past, spend the rest of my life in prison."

"Then, stop this thing now!" Anne cried. Henry Walton shook his head.

"It is an *impasse* so far," he said coldly. "You, of course, will never be allowed to open your lips, anyway; but, if your relationship to me is a factor that you are determined to ignore, have you thought of what disclosure will

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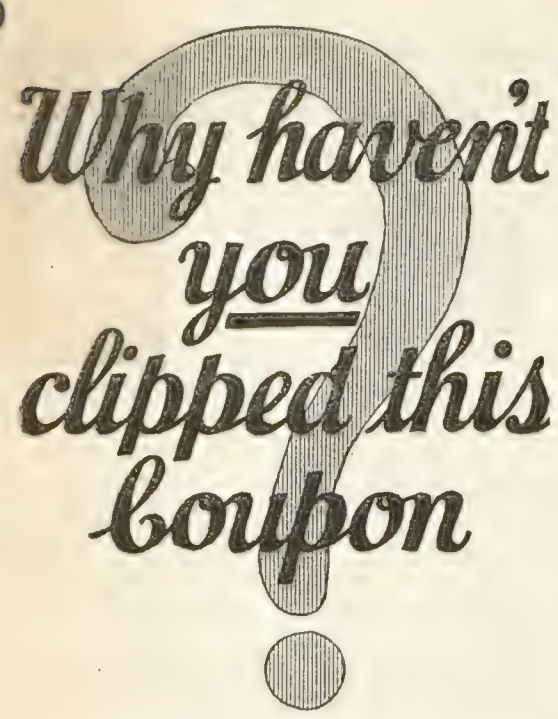

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

mean to yourself? Rather a ruined life, I should say, my dear! Where would you go to live down the shame of it?"

"Yes; I have thought of that!" Anne answered instantly. "But you have already robbed me of what I care for most."

"Still an *impasse*," said Henry Walton—and leaned suddenly toward her across the table. "You spoke a moment ago about 'so paltry a thing' as your life. As you know, I am not alone in this. Nothing could save you if, in the jargon, you peached. You would not weigh down the balance against a hundred thousand pounds."

"I am not afraid of your threats," Anne replied, and there was a quietness in her voice that surprised herself. "I would far rather die than buy my life like a miserable coward at the price of being a criminal, too."

Henry Walton nodded his head.

"Yes; quite so!" he said judicially. "Knowing you as I do, Anne, I believe you literally. I did not expect anything else. But you mentioned price. Let us speak of that, as a last resort—since I seem to have failed in all other directions."

The blood flamed angry-red in Anne's cheeks.

"OH!" she burst out wildly, "you have been teaching me to hate and despise you from the moment you entered this room—but I loathe you for *that!* You dare to suggest that I can be bribed by, I suppose, a share of what you expect your vile thuggery to bring you—that—that I have my price!"

"As everyone else in the world has!" observed Henry Walton, with a tolerant smile. "Even those quite as honest and with the same upstanding integrity as yourself, my dear. But the price is not necessarily one of money or riches or worldly wealth, though the great majority fall into that category; with some, it is the desire for fame and notoriety; with some, it is the desire for revenge, the satisfying of the cravings of hate; with some, it is the desire for power—but, whether the baser or the higher motives are the impelling force, the man or woman has yet to be born who has not, in some form or other, his or her price. With you, my dear Anne, it is—love."

"Love!" She felt the blood recede from her cheeks. "What—what do you mean?" she stammered.

"Exactly what I say," he answered. "You have already experienced that psychological moment to which I referred on that memorable afternoon before the storm. And, from your slightly delirious state during the following few days, I gathered that you experienced it in the storm itself. You love Donald Lane."

"And if I do!" she said in a low voice. "I am a thief's daughter—a criminal's daughter—the daughter of a felon. I have nothing now to hope for any more from my love."

"Perhaps not," he said coolly; "but that in no way affects the fact that *your* love for him still remains."

Anne drew her hands across her eyes. Her mind, her brain were weary and in distress.

"I—I do not understand," she said.

He stood up abruptly and, leaning against the table, stared at her for a moment in silence.

Mechanically, Anne drew back a pace. The man's face seemed to have undergone a sudden transformation. It was grim and sinister in every feature. The thought came to her that she was gazing not at a face but at a naked soul. There was evil in his eyes; and, added to the cruelty in the set lips, an ugly finality in their droop at the corners of his mouth. His voice alone was unchanged—it retained its horrible note of casualness.

"I do not wish to indulge in heroics, Anne," he said. "We will admit, if you wish, that I am an inhuman parent. But I allow nothing to stand in my way—and you shall not do so. This thing is going through to the end. It cannot go through if you *talk*.

"You are attractive and at times you have been useful to me, but I cannot say that I have ever had any exaggerated affection for you; if you refuse to keep silent your lips must be sealed for you, and, not being alone in this, I could not save you if I would. I have already said I believed your statement that you would not buy even your life that way. I believe that utterly—because I know you perhaps better than you do yourself. But what you will not buy for the sake of your own life, I think you will buy for another's. If it becomes necessary to put *you* out of the way, to add another makes very little difference. I refer to Donald Lane—in a sense an innocent bystander."

HORROR was in Anne's face; an overwhelming and sudden terror was in her heart. She clutched at her throat.

"You—you mean," she faltered, "that—that unless I promise you will—will kill Donald, too?"

"Yes," he said calmly. "It is a disagreeable word, isn't it? Are you wondering how it could be accomplished? Very simply. This is a lonely place. A message from you sent to Donald Lane would bring him here hot-foot. And what hour of the twenty-four could be better than the present one? You would both disappear. I fancy it would be called an elopement—due to the trouble that is known

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Payne averaged $20.77 a day for 217 days; Graham and Mendenhall each averaged $100 a week working only part time; Depries made $500 one week; Hill sold 1,400 *Fyr-Fyters* in one sale. In our records are many other instances of earnings of $50 to $60 a day and incomes of $3,600 to $7,200 a year by *Fyr-Fyter* men.

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Read your daily paper, listen to the fire alarms, ask your local fire chief, notice the inflammable material everywhere and judge for yourself the need of *Fyr-Fyters* and why we are able to make this offer. Let us tell you the sensational story which sells *Fyr-Fyters* so rapidly and puts men in the high-earning class so quickly.

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"I use lemons—rub my hands with half a lemon, night and morning, if the skin is in the least dry, rough, red or cracked.

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"Lemon juice seems to affect most hands as no other agent can.

"It's Nature's lotion, a whitener which millions use today to insure youthful looking hands.

"Why not take advantage of it? See how it removes stains. Don't apply only to rough hands, but also to pretty hands for their protection after exposure to hard usage.

"Begin now to use this method daily. Keep a half lemon handy in a saucer by the sink or washbowl.

"The richest juice, best for the hands, comes from California Lemons. Be sure to get this kind. All first-class dealers sell them. I know what these lemons do. It's the simplest thing in the world to take care of your hands like this."

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An Article By

O. O. McINTYRE

A BEGGAR'S CHAUFFEUR CONFESSES

IN WHICH is told the actual experience of a man who had perhaps the oddest of all jobs in New York. For two years he was chauffeur—resplendent in plum colored livery and shining puttees—chauffeur to a beggar! Enjoy this article in next week's

5c **Liberty**

A Weekly for Everybody

at all newsstands

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

to exist between his uncle and your father."

"You—you are a fiend!" she cried out. "A monstrous, inhuman fiend!"

"As you will!" said Henry Walton, with another shrug of his shoulders. "I am resorting to the only method I have of saving your life—by forcing you to save it or else sacrifice another's. You see, I much prefer the pleasanter and the easier way—your word that you will say nothing to anyone of anything you have heard tonight. Simply that."

"My word?" she repeated dully. "Just my word? You would take that?"

"Because I know that, once given, you would never break it," he said.

SHE turned, groping once more for the chair, and, dropping into it, buried her face again in her hands. Donald's life for a few jewels! She wanted to scream out, laugh hysterically at such a hideous notion. She fought for self-control. It wasn't much, not very much to—to keep criminally slient for—for Donald's life. She could not prevent the crime, she couldn't tell anybody about it anyway—they would never let her leave this room. Tell anybody! Perhaps she *could* prevent it—another way—without risk to anybody but herself—and—and still keep her word.

"I am waiting for an answer," Henry Walton prompted sharply. "And there is someone else who is also waiting—in my room."

Anne looked up. Her face was bloodless, haggard.

"I will give my word," she said slowly, "that I will never repeat anything of what I have heard tonight, and that I will never say anything that will ever put anybody upon your track; but I will not make of myself any more of an accomplice than that, and—and if there is anything I can do by myself alone to stop you, I will do it."

"Any such efforts on your part, my dear," said Mr. Walton with a grim smile, "will, I am sure, inject a very desirable touch of amusement into an otherwise somewhat drab affair. I invite you most heartily to try. For the rest, I congratulate you on your decision. I will leave the lamp with you, Anne. Good night, my dear."

Anne did not answer, did not move from her chair—and when, hours later, daylight came, she was still crouched there, staring about her with unseeing eyes, unconscious that the lamp was still burning upon the table.

Anne's situation grows hourly more perplexing and dangerous, as she sees evidence of a gigantic plot developing—a feature of next week's installment.

–and yet *Both* are the *Same age*

Sage Tea *Keeps* Your Hair Dark

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully, besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

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Broken-out Skin Cleared by Sulphur

Just the moment you apply Mentho-Sulphur to an itching, burning or broken out skin, the itching stops and healing begins, says a noted skin specialist. This sulphur preparation, made into a pleasant cold cream, gives such a quick relief, even to fiery eczema, that nothing has ever been found to take its place. Because of its germ-destroying properties, it quickly subdues the itching, cools the irritation and heals the eczema right up, leaving a clear, smooth skin in place of ugly eruptions, rash pimples or roughness.

You do not have to wait for improvement. It quickly shows. You can get a jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur at any drug store at small cost.

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New Colors *and* Trimming Touches *in* Vogue

IF BREVITY be the soul of wit, then surely should some of the new skirts launched by the great French dressmakers be regarded as the wittiest of creations. While any number of them maintain a near conservative altitude of fourteen inches from the ground, there are others which just cover the knee and call it sufficient.

Aside from these abbreviated skirts, which, it is safe to assume, will not be generally accepted by the American woman, there has so far been little to write about concerning the spring modes displayed by French couturiers. Seasoned with some new colors and some new trimming touches, here we have a melange of the same old silhouette, already done over so many times.

Then what are we whose souls are parching for a bit of variety going to do in order to look different from our neighbor? The solution of this somber problem demands brief mention of a few trimming touches.

The first of these is fringe and tassels. We have been wearing these lately almost as much as a mid-Victorian parlor. Evening skirts are frequently made of tiers of knotted fringe in ombre effect, and for daytime occasions we encounter often long tassels that vary the neckline of satin or crepe frock. The scarf collar is another favorite playground of fringe and the right figure of our top panel exploits this in a charming two-piece creation of blonde flat crepe which may also be made effectively in satin or one of the ribbed silks.

As to the neckline, the scarf is still waving — but not in farewell. This finish, together with the V, the high collar and the one with knotted ends at the back, represents our leading thoughts on this subject.

The yoke, which is a feature of the polka-dotted crepe frock at our lower left, is stressed in a number of late models, and it is especially active on imported sports coats, both separate and linked with special frocks. A shade more industrious are bands, which are found on many of our two-piece frocks, and they appear constantly on the printed silks. The model sketched at the lower right is eloquent of a present mood.

TO the woman who wishes to combine the extreme practical with the chic we counsel the Premet model of brown mohair at the left in the panel above. A high collar of plaid taffeta tied at the side and the ties of taffeta on the narrow sleeves join with buttons in making the dress ensemble what it should be. Second, a charming two-piece model of blonde flat crepe with self-color silk fringe on the scarf.

PIPINGS of green, a yoke, and a scarf collar do the chief trimming chores on the frock of black and white polka-dotted crepe shown at the left.

by Corinne Lowe

BANDS of plain red crepe are the outstanding feature on this long-sleeved sports frock in gray, white, and black silk worn by a fashionable sojourner at Palm Beach.

Send the Coupon

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Thousands have gleaming wonderful teeth without knowing it . . . you may be one. Make this remarkable test and find out.

Your smile

will show dazzling clear teeth in a few days if you do this

This simple, NEW method, removes the stubborn film that hides the natural beauty of your teeth

TEN years ago dull and dingy teeth were seen on every side. Today they are becoming a rarity. Note the gleaming smiles you see now wherever your eyes turn.

Please don't believe your teeth are "different"; that they are naturally off-color and dull. You can correct that condition remarkably in even a few days.

Modern science has discovered new methods of tooth protection and tooth beauty. Millions now employ them. Leading dentists advise them. In fairness to yourself, make the test offered here.

DO THIS—Remove that dingy film; it invites tooth troubles and ugliness

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film.

That film is an enemy to your teeth. You must remove it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy look. Germs by the millions breed in it, and they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

Most tooth troubles and decay now are traced to this film. Old-time methods could not successfully combat it. That's why tooth troubles were on the increase, and ugly teeth the order of the day.

3 times daily—then note the difference

In Pepsodent dental science has discovered two effective film combatants. Their action is to curdle the film, then remove it.

Now what you see when that film is removed—the clearness and whiteness of your teeth—will amaze you.

* * *

Old methods of cleansing fail in these results.

Harsh gritty substances are judged dangerous to enamel.

Thus the world has turned, largely on dental advice, to this new method. It marks the latest findings in modern scientific research.

* * *

It will give you the lustrous teeth you wonder *how* other people get. It will give you better protection against tooth troubles. And, too, against gum troubles; for it firms the gums.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt.

Mail the coupon. A 10-day tube will be sent you free. Use it three times daily—morning, evening, at bed time—then note the remarkable difference in your teeth.

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube

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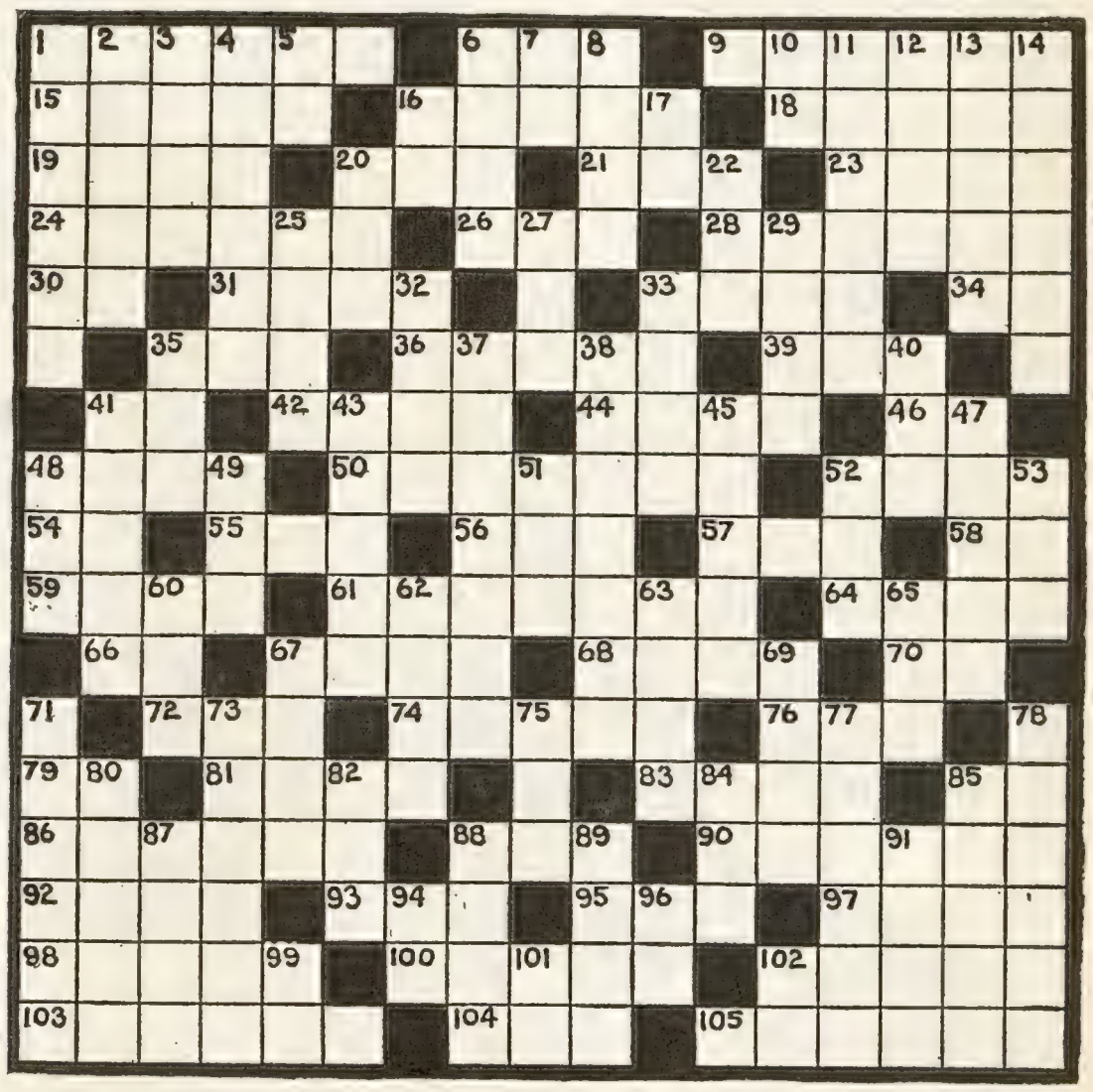
Only one tube to a family. 1762

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle

No. 20

A CROSS-WORD puzzle menagerie is quite the fashion this spring. Have you a little zoo in your back yard? In this puzzle are five interesting animals you should include. An ai, of course. Ais are so impudent these days. They insist on a place in the front line of every puzzle.



HORIZONTAL

1 An elementary book for instruction in reading
6 A domestic animal
9 To point out the way
15 Sprites
16 Uncovers
18 Fresher
19 Bed of a wild beast
20 A female fowl
21 Decay
23 Feminine name
24 To compose and write
26 To obstruct, as water
28 Has ascended
30 A man's name shortened
31 Prefix, meaning "half."
33 Diagonal
34 A state of the U. S. [initials]
35 A numeral
36 A variety of iron
39 By; in place of
41 Depart
42 A valley
44 Number of items taken collectively [plural]
46 Belonging to
48 Region
50 Apprehended through the senses
52 To regard with care
54 Behold!
55 An Hawaiian food
56 An islet in a river or lake
57 A word used to introduce a married woman's maiden name
58 Negative
59 A craft
61 A dental surgeon
64 A lineage or breed
66 A note in the musical scale
67 Saucy
68 Snug place in which young are reared
70 A prefix denoting repetition
72 A famous American general
74 One of a tribe of Siouan Indians
76 Consume
79 A pronoun
81 Boys
83 To sow
85 Initials of a continent
86 To request one's presence
88 Printer's measures
90 Worships
92 A thoroughfare
93 Conflict
95 Parity
97 An opening made by tearing
98 Attempted
100 Brought to subjection
102 A plant producing aromatic seeds
103 Dispatcher
104 To work with needle and thread
105 Felt the want of

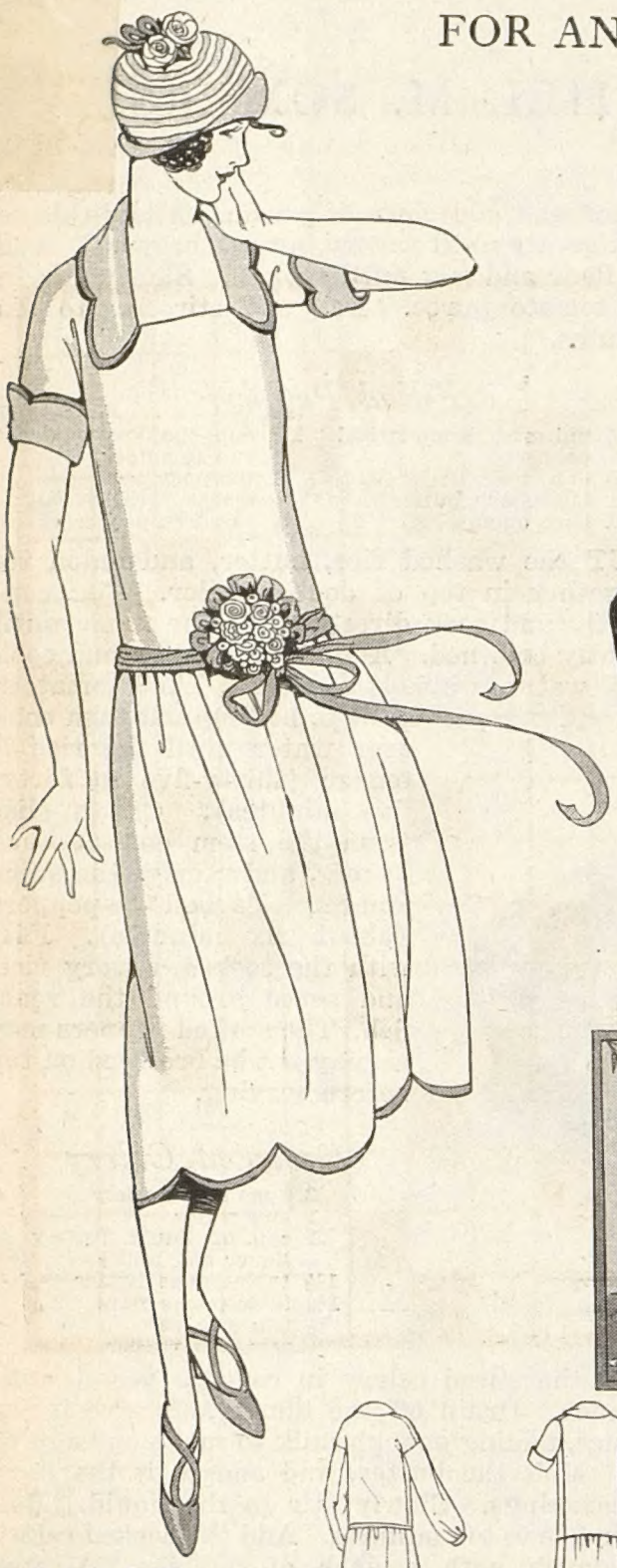
VERTICAL

1 Depended
2 A South African antelope
3 Eager; greedy
4 To scoff at
5 Ells Scotch [abbr.]
6 Part of the arm
7 Either
8 A microbe
10 Within
11 To correct or amend
12 Females of sheeplike animals
13 Goddess of growing vegetation
14 An abnormal sleep
16 Exist
17 Thus
20 Edge of a garment
22 One of the peoples of the Siamese and Shan speech
25 To incline in a particular direction
27 To grow old
29 Knocks
32 Island
33 An inky blur
35 A digit of the foot
37 Dwellers
38 Exulting
40 Female of the red deer
41 A man servant in charge of horses
43 Out of a straight course
45 Portable lodges of canvas
47 An inclosing barrier
48 A priest's vestment
49 Appropriate
51 To remain in repose
52 Possessive pronoun
53 A deer
60 To suffer illness
62 God of love
63 Discerns
65 Skill
67 A fuel
69 Placed, as a golf ball, on a small mound of earth
71 Riding whips
73 Struck out or destroyed
75 Intention
77 Embellishes
78 Expended unnecessarily
80 To breathe hoarsely in sleep
82 Condensed moisture
84 A part of the head
85 Meaning
87 Having a high opinion of one's self
88 Epochs
89 To eject
91 A Portuguese coin [plural]
94 By
96 The Christian era [initials]
99 Prefix with the sense of reversing or undoing
101 A pronoun
102 The familiar three-toed sloth

Answer to Puzzle No. 19

Attractive Designs *for* Smart Spring Wear

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND 10 CENTS



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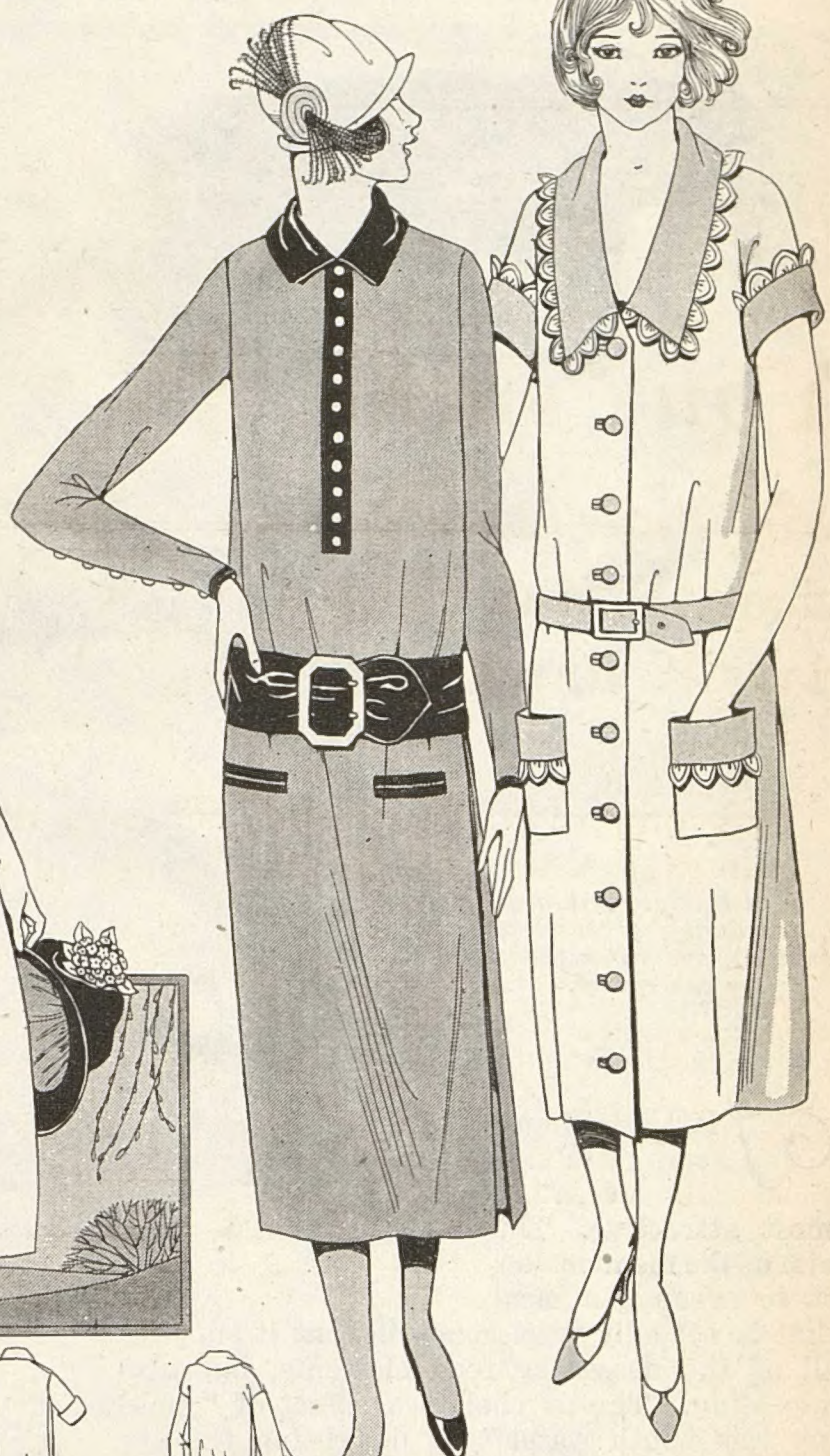

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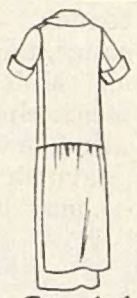

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By PATRICIA

Youth itself is embodied in the lines of pattern No. 2287. It is made with a full skirt and the new and popular molded bodice. Taffeta, summer silks, a fine twill, with organdy for the collar, or poplin is suggested. The pattern is cut in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size, 3 yards of 40-inch material are required.

" Stunning," your friends will say when you wear the dress of kasha, flannel, or fine twill, shown in pattern No. 2347. It is made with the popular shirt front closing and buttons right up to the throat. You can wear a wide leather belt if you are of medium figure.

No. 2347 is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 44-inch material.

The button-down-the-front dress is a decided favorite for both spring and summer styles. Design No. 2348, which exploits this popular feature, is made with kimono sleeves and can be made with or without the large pockets. The pattern is suitable for fine woolen materials such as kasha, flannel, and novelty weaves, ribbed silk, and crepe de Chine. It can also be used for summer materials.

Dress pattern No. 2348 is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size will require 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material, with ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

SPRING without new clothes is something most women don't like to think about. If ever the necessity of smart, becoming wearables is felt, it is in the spring. The sun has such a tantalizing way of beaming on the most worn and shiny spots of our old dresses that to wear them on the street is to take the very joy out of the balmy warmth.

Wouldn't you like a dress like design No. 2343 made of taffeta or silk crepe? It is made with the new basque waist and full skirt. The square neckline is another attractive feature.

The pattern for No. 2343 is cut in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 3¼ yards of 36-inch material.

The tunic lends itself in a new and delightful way in the long-waisted dress of cloth or silk shown in No. 2344. Black satin is the medium from which it is fashioned. The square neckline and novel collar which changes its mind at the waistline and makes a smart bow at the left hip are important features.

This pattern is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size you will need 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material and 1¼ yards of 27-inch contrasting for the collar and cavalier cuffs.

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Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

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The FISH DINNER *Menu*

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

Stuffed halibut roast, as it looks during preparation (above), and when ready for the carver.

Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution, by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

THE fish dinner can quite easily be made most attractive. The aim of the menu maker is to arrange a meal that is not only wholesome, in that it supplies all of the necessary food elements, but also appealing. The psychological effect of "making the mouth water" by delighting the eye is a great aid to digestion as well as happiness. The family, happy in prospect of her cheery meals, radiates pride and joy in the catering housewife. Correct food combinations bring no end of cheer to the dinner table.

Too often the fish dinner is insipid and colorless. Such meals are not eaten with relish. A happy food combination is achieved best after consideration. The gifted few find these combinations naturally, while others of us must be ever so watchful to work them out. The ideal meal is a simple one in which the different foods are harmoniously represented and combined. Be especially careful of your fish dinner. These will be a delight always, if the menu maker is alert and the cook painstaking.

Mental enjoyment of a meal requires that we combine the savored with the unsavored, the bland with the piquant, and the sweet with the tart. By variety only will we avoid the rut of monotony in our diets. Tomato soup, tomato catsup, and tomato salad on the same dinner table are uninviting, to say the least. Care in cookery to develop the natural flavors of each kind of food, and a scanty use of extra flavors, multiplies the possibilities of variety. Pickles, spices, preserves, and the like, are little needed if the foods of a meal are well cooked and so combined that each contributes its own characteristic flavor, texture, form, and color to the artistic, well-blended whole. Foods artistically served must contrast in color and form, as well as in flavor and texture. Try this fish dinner menu as worked out here and see if you are not delighted.

A Fish Dinner Menu

Stuffed Halibut Roast with Tomato Sauce
Filled Peppers *Creamed Celery*
Potato Balls
Corn Muffins *Butter*
Pear Salad
Apple Pie *Cheese Balls* *Coffee*

Stuffed Halibut Roast

2 one-pound slices halibut steak [one-half inch thickness]
3 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

WASH the fish, skin, and wipe dry on a towel. Place one slice of the fish on the rack of a roaster. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, cover with stuffing, using three-fourths of the mixture. Put the second slice of halibut on top. Dot with butter and seasonings. Place the remaining stuffing on top of this. Bake uncovered in a hot oven (485° F.) for twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Plain Bread Stuffing

1 quart soft, stale bread crumbs
1 small onion, finely minced
¼ cup butter
½ tablespoon to 1 tablespoon of mixed poultry dressing
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 or 2 eggs
½ cup milk

HEAT the butter and onion together. Cover and fry until onion is tender. Crumb bread into fine crumbs and add seasonings. Mix well. Combine the cooked onion, beaten eggs, and milk, and add to crumb mixture. Mix and use for stuffing.

Tomato Sauce

2 cups tomato puree
2 large onions
1 garlic clove
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ tablespoon sugar

SLICE the onions very thin and stew gently in a pan with the tomato, until the onions are tender. Add salt, pepper, and sugar. Melt the butter and add clove of garlic. Allow this to cook gently until savory but not browned. Add the flour and mix until smooth. Slowly stir in the tomato puree. Boil and stir five to ten minutes.

Filled Peppers

6 uniform, symmetrical peppers
½ cup rice
1 tablespoon butter
1 slice onion
1¼ cups boiling water
1 cup tomatoes
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon celery salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

PUT the washed rice, butter, and onion together in top of double boiler. Stir constantly and cook directly over the flame until slightly browned. Add boiling water and cook until water is almost absorbed. Add tomatoes and seasonings. Heat to boiling and then cook over water until the rice is tender (thirty-five to forty-five minutes). Cut a slice from the stem end of each pepper, and remove the seeds and core. Parboil the peppers (about six minutes). Fill with the cooked, savory rice, and serve around the roast fish. The stuffed peppers may or may not be browned on top before serving.

Creamed Celery

3 cups sliced celery
1 cup water
1 cup of liquid [celery liquor and milk]
1½ tablespoons butter
1½ tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

COOK the sliced celery in covered vessel until tender. Drain off the liquor and save it for the sauce, adding enough milk to make one cup of liquid. Melt the butter, and add to it the flour and seasonings. Slowly stir in the liquid. Boil and stir five to ten minutes. Add the cooked celery and garnish with a dash of paprika. Grated cheese may be added for variety.

Pear Salad

6 halved pears, canned or freshly stewed
2 lemons
¼ cup walnut meats
Mayonnaise
Lettuce and water cress

FILL the cavity of the cored pears with mayonnaise. Sprinkle with chopped nuts and serve on a bed of lettuce, garnished with cress and sliced lemon.

Potato Balls

1½ quarts potato balls
¾ teaspoon lemon juice
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons of finely chopped parsley
3 tablespoons butter

CUT the balls from raw potatoes with a vegetable scoop. Cook in boiling water until tender and drain. Mix the melted butter, lemon juice, salt, parsley, and pepper. Add the potato balls. Stir lightly so as not to break the balls, until all the potatoes are coated and seasoned. Serve at once, while hot.

Corn Muffins

1⅓ cups flour
⅔ cup cornmeal
4 teaspoons baking powder
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg, beaten
1¼ cups milk
2 tablespoons of butter, melted

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Combine the liquids. Mix these lightly into the dry ingredients. Bake in greased muffin tins twenty-five to thirty minutes in a moderate oven (400° F.) until the muffins are browned and shrunken from the edge of the tins. Serve hot.

delicious!

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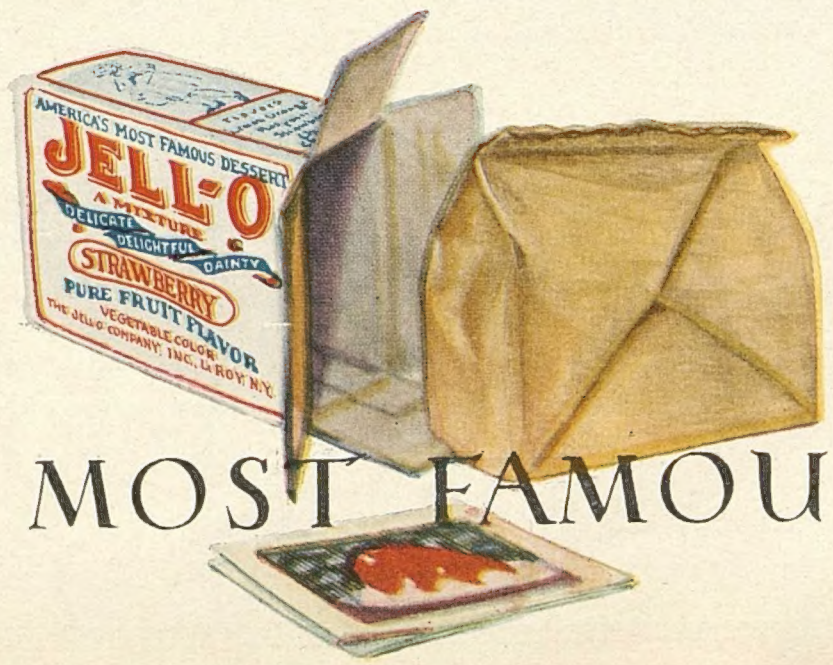
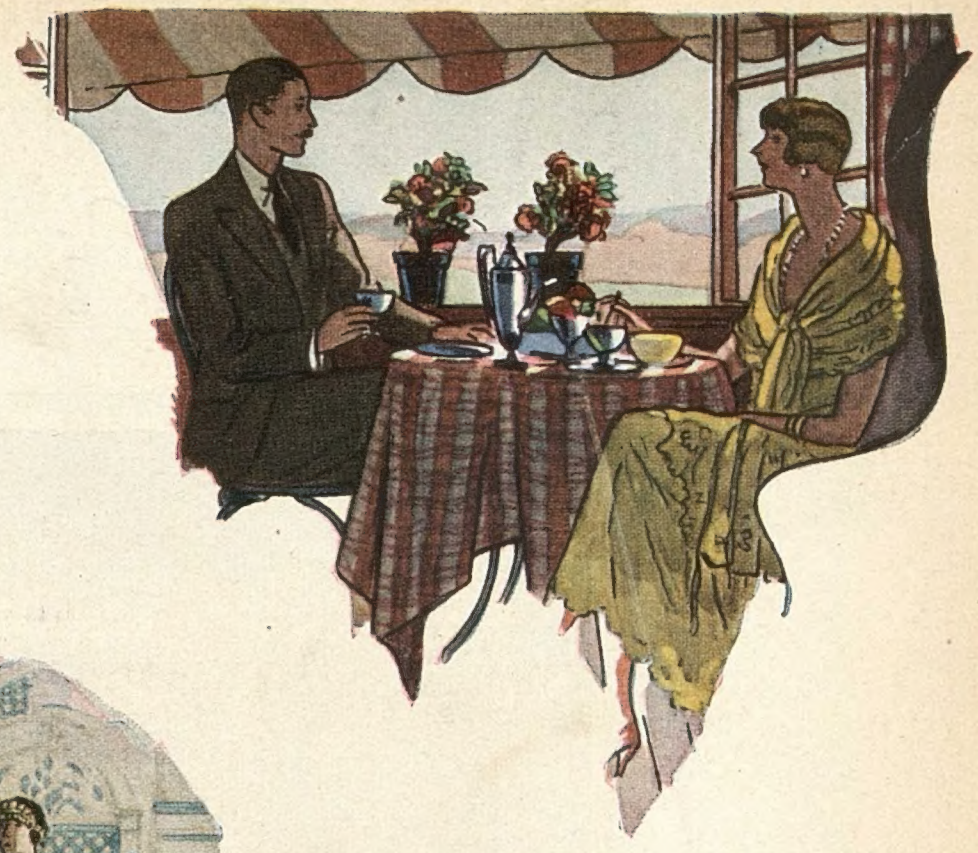


AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS DESSERT



3 *times a day* — the food that ruins teeth and weakens gums

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